Week ending March 22 1958 *Every Wednesday Fourpence*

JOHN BULL

Erika Leuchtag's fascinating true story of her fight to rescue a king

ERIKA and the KING of NEPAL

★ ★ ★

A brilliant new story by

VICTOR CANNING

★ ★ ★

CHANNEL DASH: How we let Germany's biggest warships slip past Dover

★ ★ ★

Personal portrait

VIVIAN FUCHS

The man behind the legend

FORD
—Nationally Grand!

FORD MOTORING, even in the luxury Zodiac class, is supremely economical. You save more from start to finish with a Ford than with any other car. Let's look at the facts. PRICE—Ford cars with their lower prices give greater value for money. INSURANCE—there are specially low rates for Ford owners. RUNNING COSTS—Ford Service, with its national Dealer network, has low, *fixed* prices. RESALE—a Ford fetches a higher price on resale or trade-in. And have you noticed that all Ford cars are continually enjoying improvements (the fine new seating in the Consul, Zephyr and Zodiac is an outstanding example)?
Ask any Ford Dealer today for a free demonstration of the Ford of your choice—they're all winners!

THE ZODIAC

High performance six-seater with every luxury . . . power top . . . air conditioning . . . a fine car.

CONVERTIBLES—
available also for Consul and Zephyr models.

OVERDRIVE—
available on Zodiac and Zephyr saloons, convertibles and estate cars.

FORD fine cars-

and World-wide Ford Service, too!

JOHN BULL

189 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1

CHANCERY 3344 MARCH 22, 1958 VOLUME 104 NUMBER 2698

IN THIS ISSUE

Stories

A CASE OF DOLLARS *by Victor Canning* 11
DEAR OLD GEORGE *by Andrew Graham* 22
CORCORAN'S THE NAME *by Olaf Ruhen* 29

Articles

HANDS UP!—FOR YOUR NEW CAR *by Frank Dunkley* 15
CALL ME MR. MAYOR *by Mae Bamber* 21
VIVIAN FUCHS: THE MAN BEHIND THE LEGEND *A John Bull Personal Portrait* 24
MAGIC RAINBOW AT YOUR SERVICE *by Rex Grizell* 32
THE PRANK EXPRESS ROARS TO ADVENTURE *by Francis Hitching* 35

Serials

ERIKA AND THE KING OF NEPAL (Part 1) *by Erika Leuchtag* 16
CHANNEL DASH (Part 2) *by Terence Robertson* 37

Features

FREE SPEECH: 4. THE COVER: 4. CART-HORSES: 14. JOKES: 39, 41, 42. IN SHORT: 28. CHALLENGE THE FAMOUS: 36. A PROBLEM FOR PERCY THROWER: 38.

© *Odhams Press Ltd., 1958*

REPORT FROM THE EDITOR

Erika Leuchtag with a souvenir of her stay in Nepal—a prayer wheel

A GLEAMING black and white car driven by Victor Sylvester drew up at a Hampstead flat one morning a few months ago. The bandleader, answering an unexpected invitation, got out, rang the flat's bell, and was immediately embraced, Eastern style, by a woman he had never seen before.

Erika Leuchtag says: "I told him 'One of my dreams is to dance with you.' I put on his record of 'Peg O' My Heart' and at ten o'clock in the morning we danced."

That record, as she told Sylvester, took Erika Leuchtag back eight years to a palace in Nepal. There, to Victor Sylvester's strict tempo, she taught King Tribhuvana to dance . . . and began a friendship which restored the captive king to power. Her exciting story, *Erika And The King Of Nepal,* begins on page 16.

Erika Leuchtag, an Austrian, went to India as a physiotherapist in 1939 "prepared to climb Everest if I had to." Her friendly manner helped her to build a practice through which she treated members of British and Indian nobility, and led to her visit to Nepal.

Recently, at her London clinic, her patients have included Ram Gopal, the Indian dancer ("You have magic in your hands," he said), singer Eartha Kitt ("Your work replaces six hours' sleep") and film star Martine Carol. Now Erika plans to return to Nepal—to re-create for the film of her book the authentic atmosphere of intrigue and mystery which she helped to destroy.

THE arrival of spring this week will be especially welcome to Lieutenant-Colonel Andrew Graham, Welsh Guards. For Graham, a bachelor convalescing after a long illness contracted in the Middle East, has just endured the rigours of his first British winter since 1952. "It's been quite tough," he says, "although it has given me the chance to get around and see some friends because, since I can get all my worldly possessions into a suitcase and two travelling bags, I'm very mobile." The winter has also given Graham the opportunity to write, and one of the results of that is his story *Dear Old George,* which begins on page 22.

Graham, soldier, linguist and writer, left Britain in 1952 to become Assistant British Military Attaché in Saigon, and was one of the few Englishmen to have been in Indo-China during the dramatic period of Dien Bien Phu.

"The job was not without its lighter moments," Graham recalls. "Once, in April, 1953, I visited Vientiane, in Laos, as British representative at the Buddhist New Year ceremonies, decked in all the splendid finery I could muster for the occasion. I had only vaguely heard about a custom which the local girls have of 'sprinkling' the menfolk with water on these occasions, but I never expected the welcome I got. Suddenly I was surrounded on all sides by lovely Laotian girls carrying buckets of muddy water—which they promptly sloshed over me."

Grow the finest lawn in your neighbourhood in only 18 weeks!

NEW EMERALD VELVET NEEDS FAR LESS MOWING NO WEEDING – NO SEEDING!

'Emerald Velvet — the new lawn grass is gardening discovery of the century' says Alfred Cole, Head Gardener responsible for Britain's most famous lawns for 25 years.

Now, at last, new Emerald Velvet lawn grass enables you to grow a magnificent new lawn, on any soil, with the certainty of success—in only 18 weeks.

You plant Emerald Velvet using sturdy root off-sets, not frail seeds. It's permanent!

This astonishing new grass is also ideal for perfecting worn or unsuccessful seeded lawns!

ACT NOW! Order your root off-sets, which are fully guaranteed, from Emerald Velvet Ltd., the **Sole Producers,** or their authorised agents. The specially-prepared off-sets will be sent to you in polythene bags, in time for planting this Spring. Off-sets sufficient for 100 sq. ft. cost only £1; 200 sq. ft. only £2; 300 sq. ft. only £3; 400 sq. ft. only £4; 500 sq. ft. only £5. Be careful not to under-estimate your needs—**supplies are strictly limited.** Orders despatched in strict rotation. **Your order acknowledged by return—free, fascinating Guide sent with acknowledgment.**

COMPLETE THIS COUPON AT ONCE!

To EMERALD VELVET LTD., Dept. JB7, Grimsby Lincs.
Please send me, post free,.....bags of guaranteed Emerald Velvet at £1 each. I enclose Cash / Cheque / P.O. for £.....

NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

.....

EMERALD VELVET LTD., THE LAWN EXPERTS

8½% Transfer your go-slow cash...

to this safe, shrewd, go-ahead investment . . .

8½% on Standard Bank Deposits!
8% *without tax deduction,* on Fixed-Term Bank Deposits!

Industrial Banking gives you excellent security, highest interest rates, easy withdrawal facilities . . .

Send for free Brochure D today from:—
Director of Deposits

FEDERAL CONSOLIDATED INVESTMENTS LIMITED
180 Fleet Street, London, E.C.4

I'm thrilled! with JAPLAC

2 to 4 HOUR LACQUER

Let me tell you WHY:

★ It simply flows on—dries quickly!
★ Makes the whole room gay!
★ One coat covers—no brushmarks
★ Ideal for all woodwork & furniture

Many colours, ¼ pt., ½ pt., Pints and Tinlets

WITHSTANDS BOILING WATER

Stocked by all Paint Dealers and Ironmongers

Free Speech

- **Whose job to provide the home?**
- **This killer must be controlled**
- **He pays tax on holes in paper**

RECENTLY I advertised a small flat to let, suitable for a young married couple. I had more than twenty replies all written by engaged *girls* who were getting married in a few weeks' time.

Surely it is the responsibility of the future husband to find a home, or does the cave man of today consider his duty done when he has addressed the pools envelope? All the girls' letters were businesslike and contained stamped, addressed envelopes.

Men, who won't really bestir themselves over anything as important as their future homes, must like being pushed around.

Several of them came to see me—bringing their mothers with them. Is the helpless little woman being replaced by the spineless little man?—MRS. W. WINGER, Sylvan Way, Bristol.

Babyhood Memories

My husband, who was born in January, 1921, tells me that he can remember certain incidents during the Royal visit to the Channel Islands in the summer of the same year.

I have suggested to him that he can not possibly remember the occasion

as he was a baby only six months old. Is it not more likely that his parents have spoken of the visit in such vivid terms that the incidents have become impressed on his mind?—MRS. DOROTHY E. DOWDING, Grande Rue, St. Martin's, Guernsey.

"This feat of memory is unlikely but not impossible," says a doctor. "Probably the wife's rational explanation is the right one. But psychiatrists have taken people back in memory to the actual experience of birth."

House Coats

I wonder why some scientist hasn't discovered a good hard substance, in the field of plastics perhaps, which could be made in various colours and sprayed on the outside of buildings.

It would provide a waterproof, weatherproof covering, stop dampness and fabric decay, enhance the appearance of buildings and brighten our towns and cities.—GEORGE C. SCOTT, Gateford Road, Worksop.

"There are many difficulties," says the Building Research Centre. "Plastics are expensive and some of them deteriorate through the action of the sun. Every building moves occasionally, and the movement would crack the coating. Liquid containing silicones is being applied to outside walls to counter the action of damp, but since the liquid is clear, it is easy to miss odd patches in applying it. Properly applied it is waterproof, but it is not decorative."

Gas Dangers

We have had a killer—gas—in our homes for many years. Yet this superscientific age has not produced a means of rendering it harmless.

New gadgets are being added to gas appliances every year, to make them sell. But we still lack the device which would automatically cut off the gas when the flame was accidentally put out.

If manufacturers will not finance research to prevent the gassing tragedies that are so grimly frequent, the government itself should use the boffins of the National Physical Laboratory and make it a priority job.—WILLIAM JENKINS, Hillside Avenue, Alexandria, Dunbartonshire.

"We are trying," says the Gas Council. "There are a lot of difficulties, but we hope to find a solution to this problem."

Drill Shortage?

I wonder why sweeping brush heads are now made with only one hole for the stave, instead of the two holes they used to have. Months of further use could be got out of a brush when the stave was changed over.—MRS. E. B., Stockport, Cheshire.

Family Trees

We Britons are said to be proud of our history and traditions. With this in mind I have asked many people how far back they can trace their own family history.

The majority can go no farther back than their grandparents and none beyond their great-grandparents, about whom they usually know very little. In contrast many can give the detailed pedigree of their dogs for generations back.

It seems a pity that we apparently pay more attention to the ancestry of

our pets than to our own.—B. M., Banstead, Surrey.

"It is comparatively easy to trace a family tree back to 1837, the date from which full records have been kept at Somerset House," says the Society of Genealogists. "Records for years before that have to be sought in old parish registers, which may be both difficult and expensive."

Nice And Warm

A small, safe, electric heating element for a budgerigar's cage ("Free Speech," March 1) can be made for a few coppers. We have been using the "hot water bottle" we made for two winters, and have a very contented bird on even the coldest day.

All that is needed is an empty two pound treacle tin complete with lid, a length of flex with a plug at one end and a light socket at the other, and a 15-watt pigmy lamp. Make a hole in the lid of the tin and fit the lamp inside, and that's all.—MRS. JENNIFER ROSE, Harpesford Avenue, Virginia Water, Surrey.

This device is best fixed underneath the bottom of the cage. It must be properly earthed and should, if possible, be made and fastened in position by an electrician.

Unwise Policy

Insurance is about the biggest single evil in our national life. It encourages bad habits and carelessness in ordinary people, and scandalous lack of responsibility in big business.

How many more men would have stopped ruining their health and given up smoking if life assurance hadn't guaranteed the security of their families in the event of their deaths?

Insurance in the form of superannuation kills ambition, prevents people moving from job to job, and discourages saving.

I know a football ground where one of the stands is dangerously rickety. But the club doesn't need to worry because it's insured. I wonder if train and plane crashes would be so frequent if insurance didn't protect the operators.

And the motorist can drive recklessly because he knows that if he has an accident, damage to his car will be paid for by the insurance company.

If every accident meant a bill for £100 or so for the guilty driver, there would be a lot less danger on the roads.—J. BROWN, Glasgow, E.1.

Close Shave

I was most interested to read Miss Cappelman's letter ("Free Speech," February 22) about the man she saw shaving in a telephone kiosk. It was probably me.

When travelling in Yorkshire, I often spent the night in my car, and I found that telephone kiosks were the most convenient places to shave. Was I breaking the law?—M. G., Liverpool.

"Since a person using an electric razor plugged into the power in a telephone kiosk is in fact stealing electricity, he could be prosecuted," says the Post Office.

Tax On Nothing

My office needed some copy paper with four holes punched in it, for filing purposes. Having quite a large stock of paper of the right size, we sent ten reams of it to a printer to have it punched.

The work was duly done, and when I got the invoice I discovered that we had been charged purchase tax on the holes.

I queried this with the printer, who raised the matter with the tax office in Sheffield. Back came the word that we did indeed have to pay tax on the holes.—N. C. GLEAVE, Shrigley Road, Rollington, Macclesfield.

"The tax on plain stationery is thirty per cent," says a Customs and Excise spokesman. "When a process such as punching is carried out on the paper, it becomes liable for a further thirty per cent tax on the cost of the process."

Primary Teaching

I was infuriated by the letter from J. B. of Nottingham ("Free Speech," February 22), who said it would be ridiculous to use well-educated mothers as part-time teachers.

Doesn't he realize that women who have brought up children are natural teachers? They don't need a training course, either.

Mothers teach children in the home all day long. If they didn't, many children would have greater difficulty in absorbing the infant-school curriculum.

My son was backward at reading when he had to go into hospital during his infant-school days.

I bought him the books I knew would appeal to him (not the uninteresting type that some schools provide) and I coached him patiently each day until he was proficient.

How many other housewives do this? Millions.—MRS. MONICA CLARK, Finlay Street, Fulham Palace Road, London, S.W.6.

. . . Handling awkward children is a knack learned by experience. It can not be taught at training colleges as suggested by R. Hudson ("Free Speech," March 1), and however brilliant they may be otherwise, some teachers never acquire it.

On my first day in the classroom, the children did everything but throw the blackboard at me. At intervals during the day the headmaster came in and his mere presence quelled the riot, as if by magic.

At the end of the day he found me alone in the classroom, almost in tears. I told him that it was obvious that I had mistaken my vocation. "Look at the ease with which you handle them," I said sadly.

"My dear young woman," he replied, "on my first day they threw *slates* at me."—M. E. UNSWORTH, Andover Road, Southsea, Hants.

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

THE COVER

CLEANED up—and cleaned out! Somebody, clearly, has had his fingers in the bag first, and it doesn't seem as if Mother need look very far. Junior, meanwhile, is at that happy moment of discovering that there's only one grander game in life than throwing money about—and that's throwing somebody else's money about. One sad day, however, Fancett's cover child will grow old enough to appreciate that pennies *don't* come from heaven. But will he ever grow so old that he'll cease to be fascinated by the varied assortment of clutter in a woman's handbag?

COFFEE

THE REVOLUTIONARY DRINK!

by Aytoun Ellis

Author of "The Penny Universities"—a History of the Coffee Houses

ILLUSTRATED BY STANLEY HERBERT

The obliging wife of the Governor of French Guiana smuggled a coffee seedling to the Governor of Brazil—hidden in a bouquet at a masked ball

EARLY in the 17th century travellers to the Middle East related how Turk and Arab, forbidden by Mohammed to touch intoxicating liquor, were accustomed to drink an aromatic concoction, black in colour and made by infusing the powdered berry of a plant that flourished in Arabia. Some called it "cophe" or "coffa," others "kahveh," meaning "stimulating and invigorating." They told how men of all ages met together to drink this strange beverage and how they sat all day and far into the night, with body and mind continuously alert, talking and arguing.

All agreed that it was "the milk of chess players and thinkers." They speculated on its origin, one claiming that the berries were the "parched grain" of the Bible—the present bought by Abigail to appease David's anger against Nabal. Another declared that the drink was that same nepenthe that Helen of Troy had at her disposal, described by Homer (in the "Odyssey") as "a drug to lull all pain and anger."

MANY and strange were these travellers' tales but none was more colourful than that of the dancing goats. It told of a monastery in the land of Yemen to which belonged a herd of goats that grazed in the barren plains, the more adventurous wandering off to distant pastures and returning to the plains at nightfall to sleep. There came a day when the goats danced and jumped about like frisky colts and bleating continuously they chased each other playfully all through the night. The goatherd decided to follow them the next morning and at length he came upon them eating the berries of a strange bush with leaves like a laurel. Taking with him a few branches laden with berries he made his way to the monastery and told his story to the Imam (or abbot).

Although he was well aware that goatherds were notorious liars the Imam was interested. He was a naturalist who knew every tree and every plant that grew in Yemen and yet he could not identify the shrub from which the berry-laden branches had been torn. That night he, too, saw the strange antics of the goats and on the morrow he followed the herd and found them devouring the berries, just as the goatherd had described.

Fifteen centuries ago an Arab goatherd saw his goats frisking after eating the berries of a strange bush. Thus coffee was discovered

That night in his cell the Imam examined the berries and began a series of experiments. Having heated the kernels until they were dark brown, and having pounded them in a mortar to fine powder, he then boiled some water and into it cast a handful of the powder. As he leaned over the steaming bowl the Imam experienced a feeling akin to intoxication. He decided to drink from the bowl and a warm glow possessed him, giving him new strength and energy.

It was long past midnight and time for him to go the rounds and awaken the brethren so that they might pray to Allah. Taking with him the steaming bowl he moistened the lips of the monks, each in turn. They jumped up, eager and alert; there was none of the customary unwillingness to be torn from slumber and no yawning and languid stretching. Never was there such readiness to perform their devotions. And so, with thanks to Allah, the monks drank the hot black liquor each night to make them wakeful, and they gave it the name of "kahveh."

WHEN this legend of the dancing goats and other equally strange stories of coffee reached England the first to interest themselves in the new drink were the physicians.

Among the first to experiment with the coffee berries was Dr. William Harvey, famed as the discoverer of the Circulation of the Blood, who had supplies specially brought from the Middle East. Dr. Harvey must have been convinced of its virtues; at his death he bequeathed a 56-pound bag of beans to his fellow-doctors with the injunction that they should meet each week and drink to his memory so long as the supply lasted.

THE coffee served in the old coffee-houses all came from Arabia and Abyssinia, home of Mocha coffee, which is still considered the best in the world. Towards the end of the 17th century the Dutch began a world trade in coffee from their colonies in the East Indies, and, in 1714, a seedling from their Java plantation was presented to Louis XIV, who ordered it to be planted in the Jardin des Plantes—the French equivalent of Kew Gardens. It thrived and, a few years later, Capt. Gabriel de Clieux carried a seedling from the matured tree and planted it in Martinique. In turn, seedlings from the Martinique tree were planted in Guiana and the West Indies.

The Dutch and the French were careful to prevent other countries from securing seedlings, and even in 1728 Brazil had not a single coffee tree. The story goes that the Governor of Brazil, Juan de Palheta, had an illicit love affair with the wife of the Governor of French Guiana and arranged with her for a coffee seedling to be sent to him, hidden in a bouquet. Thus began Brazil's great coffee industry. One-half of the world's coffee is now grown in Brazil.

Here, AYTOUN ELLIS takes you back to the colourful seventeenth century, when one did not ask where a man lived but which coffee-house he frequented; it was there that the stranger would seek him out

Famous Coffee-houses in Britain

WHEN Cromwell allowed Jews to settle once again in this country there arrived, in 1650, one named Jacob, bringing with him from Armenia a supply of coffee and the utensils for making the drink. He set up as a coffee-man in Oxford. His coffee-house was not only the first in England but also the first in the whole of Christendom. It provided the undergraduates with a communal life outside the walls of the college, but it was frowned upon by the authorities who denounced it as a time-waster.

Despite this it prospered and was followed by others, notably that of Arthur Tillyard which was frequented by Christopher Wren, who was to rebuild St. Paul's and fifty churches and countless other buildings after the Fire of London. Many of those who drank coffee at Tillyard's coffee-house were among the earliest members of the Royal Society, Wren being the driving force behind the creation of the Society. The inspiration may well have been the coffee!

Two years after Jacob had opened his coffee-house in Oxford there returned to London, from his travels in Turkey, a merchant named Edwards, bringing with him a taste for coffee and a Turkish servant to make it for him. So numerous were the friends who called to sample it that he decided to set up the servant, Pasqua Rosée, as a coffee-man in St. Michael's Alley, close to the Old (Royal) Exchange. The coffee-house attracted so many customers that the vintners and tavern-keepers, sensing a dangerous competitor, petitioned the Lord Mayor to close it down on the grounds that Pasqua was "no Freeman" and therefore disqualified from trading in the City. Edwards, however, made his coachman, Bowman, a partner and the coffee-house remained open.

FIVE years later, in 1675, London had its second coffee-house. It was in Fleet Street, near Temple Bar, and was opened by a barber named James Farr, who had been urged by "the men learned in law" to set up as coffee-man. It was an age of timber-framed buildings and the risk of fire was in his neighbours' minds, but doubtless his promises to have his chimney swept overcame their fears for he was allowed to continue, his coffee-house being for many years one of the most famous in London.

There being no street numbering in those days, Farr's hanging sign was a rainbow and by that name the coffee-house was usually called. It was a great place for debates, and particularly during the reign of James II was the meeting-place for conspirators and a hotbed of political intrigue. Today, just 300 years since the "Rainbow" opened, a modern coffee-house has been established on the same site.

At the Turk's Head in New Palace Yard, Westminster, an "amateur parliament" met each week, the quality of the debates being such as to attract great numbers to the "Coffee-club of the Rota" (as it was called). Pepys tells, in his "Diary," that when any close voting on a particular motion took place, it was entrusted to the "wooden oracle," this being one of the earliest references to the ballot-box.

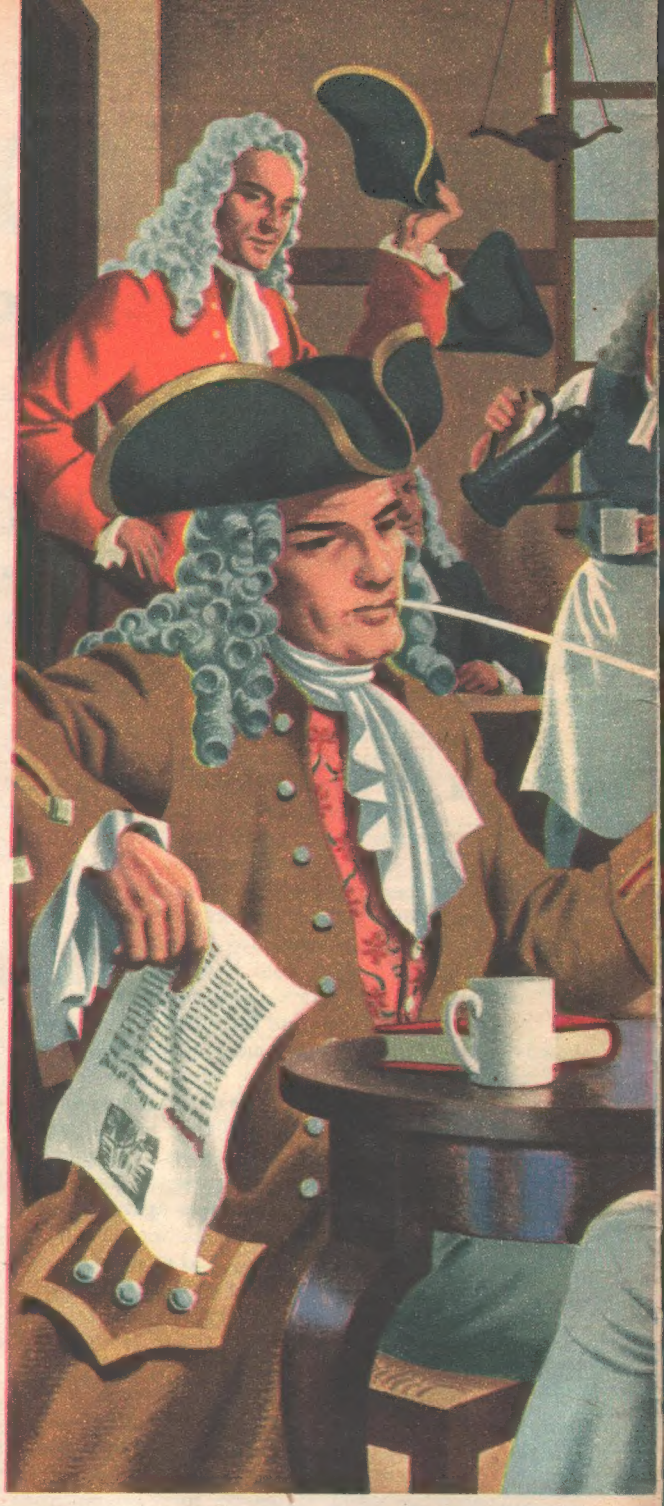
By the end of the seventeenth century there were 2,000 coffee-houses in London alone. At first they were all strictly temperance houses, open to any man who paid his penny entrance fee. Anyone desiring intoxicants was forced to go to the tavern. In later years, however, tavern-keepers let a room to a coffee-man and liquor was sold alongside coffee.

THE first coffee-houses were truly democratic. There was no distinction made and the ragged apprentice could take any seat even though it be between a belted earl and a gaitered bishop. He could ask his neighbour to read and explain the news of the day; he could listen to well-informed literary criticisms, or hear from a returned traveller strange stories of foreign lands.

It was natural that men of like interests should favour a particular coffee-house. With the birth of the New Science and the formation of the Royal Society the "Virtuosi" (as they were called) met at the "Grecian" coffee-house in Devereux Court, just opposite the present Law Courts. The great "Wits" and men of letters favoured "Will's" in Covent Garden, where Dryden held sway. Pope, when a boy, was taken there and was inspired by what he saw and heard. When he grew to manhood and wrote his "Rape of the Lock" it was based very largely on coffee-house gossip. Artists and architects and sculptors had their favourite meeting place—"Old Slaughter's" in St. Martin's Lane, and from the discussions was born the Royal Academy, with Sir Joshua Reynolds as its first President.

The "Beaux" or fops favoured "Man's" coffee-house. It was a School of Fashion at which the latest style in periwigs and gold-laced coats could be copied by those who aspired to be "gentlemen." Here snuff took the place of tobacco and few who ordered a churchwarden pipe could withstand the supercilious stares and sneers of the company. And there was "Young Man's" close by, a coffee-house that was a gambling den, and "White's" in St. James's, which at first tried to bar undesirables by making the entrance fee sixpence. When this failed, the proprietor was bought out and "White's" was turned into an exclusive club. However, most of the early coffee-houses were open to all who observed the rules of good behaviour that were posted on the wall.

THE greatest concentration of coffee-houses was to be found in the square mile of the City. "Garraway's" was one of the most famous and survived as a noted chop-house until it was pulled down in 1846. It was the scene of much ruinous speculation at the time of the South Sea Bubble.



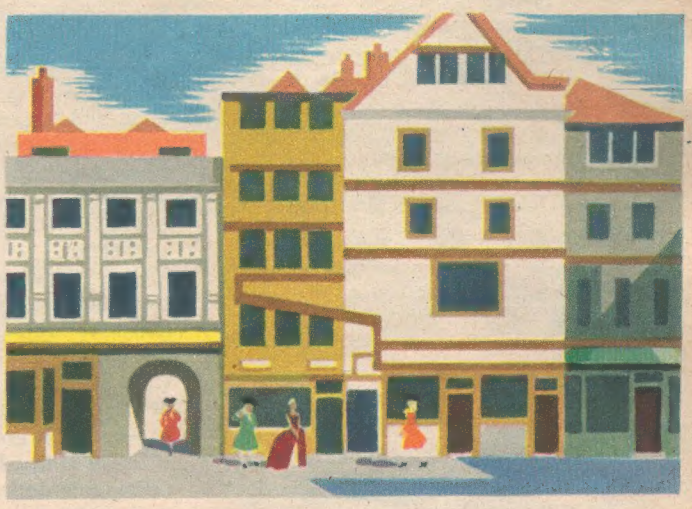
Here, too, sat many of the leading physicians at noon each day where they could be consulted by the wealthy merchants. "Jonathan's" was frequented by stockbrokers and out of their meetings grew London's Stock Exchange, whilst the story of the "Virginia" and "Jerusalem" coffee-houses is that of the Baltic Exchange. Edward Lloyd's coffee-house catered for seafaring men and developed into that great institution Lloyd's. The Bankers' Clearing House and at least six of Britain's leading insurance companies were also born in the old coffee-houses.

London and the university towns were not the only places to have coffee-houses. Bristol had a score or more, one of the earliest being the "Elephant." Exeter, centre of the wool trade, had a famous coffee-house in the Cathedral Close called "Mol's." It is one of the few coffee-house buildings that have survived. Liverpool, Chester, Preston, Northampton, Norwich, and many other towns had coffee-houses, patterned on those in London. In Scotland, too, coffee-houses sprang up in Edinburgh and Glasgow, and in Ireland there were several in Dublin and Cork.

Before the eighteenth century had ended, many of the coffee-houses had become exclusive clubs; others became chop-houses and still more of them became taverns. They had served their purpose and were no longer needed as meeting places for political or literary debate. They had acted as a steadying influence in an age of profligacy and exerted great influence on the social and commercial life of the times.

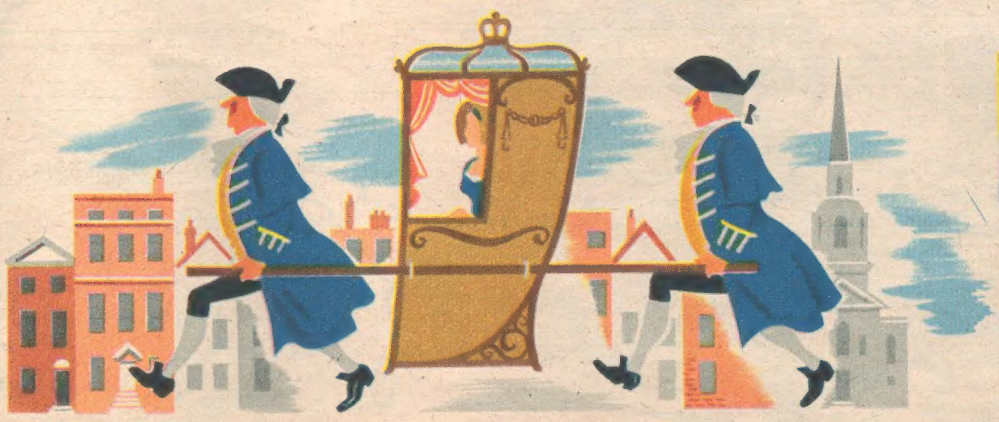
TURK'S HEAD, CAMBRIDGE. This sixteenth-century timber house in Trinity Street became famous as the TURK'S HEAD COFFEE-HOUSE during the eighteenth century. According to William Cole, "Few people go to taverns but rather to coffee-houses . . . the Mitre Tavern is actually annihilated and turned into a large, new coffee-house." A Cambridge professor declared that a man could pick up more useful knowledge in a coffee-house than at the university, which prompted a rhymster of the period to assert:

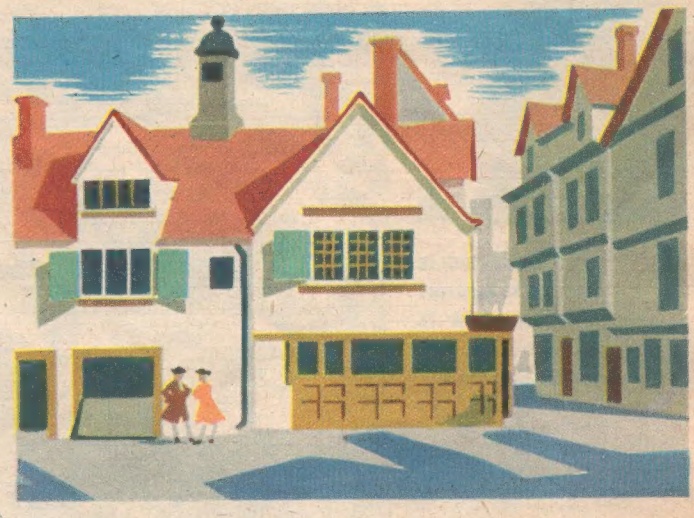
"So great a Universitie I think there ne'er was any
In which you could scholar be spending of a Penny."



THE RAINBOW, LONDON. To the right of Inner Temple Gate, Fleet Street, was a booksellers (later GROOM'S COFFEE-HOUSE), and next door in the tall house were the RAINBOW and NANDO'S. James Farr's RAINBOW was London's second coffee-house. Like Pasqua Rosée, London's first coffee-man, Farr was soon in trouble, not only with the tavern-keepers but with the booksellers and publishers whose premises were alongside and who were alarmed at the sparks flying from the Rainbow's chimney. Farr was prosecuted "for keeping of ffier for the most part night and day, whereby his chimney and chambr hath been sett of ffier, to the great danger and affrightment of his neighbrs."

It was the case of "men only" at the coffee-houses, the only woman on the premises being the lady at the bar to whom one paid what was due. There were no barmaids in taverns and their place as such dates from the old coffee-houses. But while "Several thousands of Buxome Good-Women" issued the Women's Petition Against Coffee, alleging that the coffee-houses kept their men-folk from home, Judge Rumsey in the same year of 1664 wrote: "Whereas formerly Apprentices and clerks with others used to take their morning's draught in Ale, Beer, or Wine, which, by the dizziness they cause in the Brain, made many unfit for business, they use now to play the Good-fellows in this wakeful and civil drink: Therefore that worthy gentleman . . . who introduced the practice hereof first to London, deserves much respect of the whole Nation."





MALBON'S, OXFORD. Situated on the corner of the entrance to the Turl, MALBON'S COFFEE-HOUSE was frequented by Trinity men. In fact it is recorded that "Mr. Murroe of Trin. Coll. married the daughter of the Widow Stockley who keeps a Coffee-house in the Turl, Oxford." The expression "lounger" was coined to describe those undergraduates who resorted to the coffee-houses, but eventually the coffee-houses were accepted as a feature of University life, and as a welcome alternative to the taverns. MALBON'S was one of those popular haunts. It stood on what is now the site of Parker's bookshop in Broad Street.

The World's Coffee Lands

TODAY there are over fifty coffee-growing countries, all confined to a narrow belt about 25° north and south of the Equator. The climate needed for its cultivation is one with a mean annual temperature of 70° F. and a rainfall of at least 45 to 50 inches annually. Coffee is grown at all altitudes from sea-level to about 6,000 ft., that at the higher altitude being of finer flavour, and fetching a higher price at the coffee auctions.

This happy girl is one of the hundreds who contribute to Kenya's expanding coffee industry

A glance at the maps on this page shows that it is grown in the equatorial regions of Central and Southern America; the West Indies; in East, West and Central Africa; Abyssinia; Saudi Arabia; India; the East Indies; and the Philippines.

In recent years coffee growing has been developed on a large scale in Kenya, Tanganyika and Uganda. There was a time when Ceylon had a thriving coffee trade: in 1869 the trees were attacked by a fungus which wiped out the plantations.

The coffee seedlings are grown in nurseries and planted out when they are 12 to 18 inches high at distances of 8 to 12 feet. Poplars are sometimes planted between the rows as excessive hot sun is harmful to the coffee trees; so, too, is a period of excessive drought. At three or four years the young trees provide their first crop, the quality of which varies according to where it is grown and at what altitude.

Green coffee has no flavour or aroma, these developing during roasting, and it is the coffee-taster's job to mix the different coffees so that a particular flavour can be obtained when the beans are roasted.

More than a hundred different kinds of coffee are bought and sold in the world's coffee markets, each with its own distinguishing characteristics which determine its commercial value.

Picking the ripe red cherry-like coffee beans on a Kenya plantation

Delicious Ways of Enjoying Coffee

TEN RECIPES FOR MAKING A COFFEE DRINK

Black or White

For the grandest coffee you've ever tasted put a teaspoonful of Nescafé into a cup and pour on boiling water. If you like it white just add hot milk. Sugar to taste, of course. To make Nescafé by the jug, allow a teaspoonful for each cupful required and follow the above directions.

Hungarian Coffee

Two and half oz. Nestlé's Superfine Chocolate, one heaped teaspoonful Nescafé dissolved in four tablespoonfuls hot water, four egg whites, three oz. castor sugar, glacé cherries. Break up the chocolate and melt with the coffee. Beat egg whites stiffly and stir in the sugar. Gradually whisk in the chocolate mixture. Pour into four glasses and top with a cherry. Serve at once.

New Orleans Coffee

One pint boiling water, one rounded tablespoonful Nescafé, quarter inch stick of cinnamon, small strip of orange and lemon peel, two tablespoonfuls rum, two tablespoonfuls brandy, lumps of sugar. Make the Nescafé in a bowl over hot water. Add the cinnamon and peels. Pour a little of the spirits on the sugar and the rest on top of the coffee. Ignite the sugar to flame the whole.

Café Cuba

Combine in saucepan: Two tablespoonfuls Nescafé, two tablespoonfuls boiling water, two tablespoonfuls dark brown sugar, firmly packed. Add one and half cups of milk, bring just to the boil. Serve in two nine-oz. mugs.

Washington Glow

Add one wineglass of brandy to the Nescafé recipe for Café Au Lait.

Café Au Lait

Heat a quarter pint milk and quarter pint cream in a double boiler. Whisk well until piping hot. Pour into a jug and serve alternately into cups with one jug of Nescafé.

Capuchino

Make up one pint jug Nescafé. Whisk a small tin 'Ideal' Milk until thick and frothy. Serve the 'Ideal' Milk on the top of the cups of Nescafé.

Café "Cointreau"

Combine one tablespoonful Nescafé, one and half cups boiling ware quarter cup "Cointreau" (two oz.). Pour into two nine-oz. mugs. Add thin strip twisted lemon peel to each mug.

Café Cacao

Combine four tablespoonfuls Nescafé, one and half cups boiling water, quarter cup Crème de Cacao (two oz.). Pour into two nine-oz. coffee mugs, top with whipped cream.

Café Viennese

Combine: Two tablespoonfuls Nescafé, two cups boiling water. Cover, steep a moment, pour into two regular-size cups. Top with sweetened whipped cream.

HERE ARE JUST A FEW WAYS IN WHICH NESCAFÉ CAN ADD WONDERFUL FLAVOUR

Coffee Log

One swiss roll, Nescafé mocha icing, browning or brown colouring, chopped pistachio nuts, sprig of holly or a robin. Beat in sufficient browning to make the Nescafé mocha icing similar in colour to tree bark. Cut a slice off the swiss roll and mash it with a fork, form into shape of a small stumpy branch. Place on top of the swiss roll near to one end fixing it with a little icing. Spread the surface with icing and cover the round joins at each end of the roll with icing. Mark with a fork to resemble tree bark. Decorate with pistachio nuts and holly or a robin.

MOCHA ICING.—2 level teaspoonfuls Nescafé, 2-3 oz. margarine, 2 level tablespoonfuls cocoa, 8 oz. icing sugar, 2 tablespoonfuls hot water. Beat all the dry ingredients to a cream gradually adding the water.

Coffee Layer Gateau

Four oz. margarine, 4 oz. castor sugar, 2 eggs, 8 oz. flour, 1 teaspoonful baking powder, 3 tablespoonfuls milk, 2 teaspoonfuls Nescafé. Cream the margarine and sugar, beat in the eggs separately. Fold in the sifted flour, baking powder and Nescafé alternately with the milk. Pour into two greased 8-in. sandwich tins and spread evenly. Bake in a moderately hot oven, 400°F (Mark 5) for 35-40 mins. until firm. Cool.

Coffee Sponge Pudding

One dessertspoonful Nescafé, 4 oz. flour, 3 oz. sugar, 2 oz. butter or margarine, 1 egg, 1 level teaspoonful baking powder, a little milk. Cream butter and sugar together, beat in egg separately. Lightly stir in sifted flour, baking powder and Nescafé. Add milk gradually until mixture reaches dropping consistency. Pour into well-greased basin, cover closely and steam for 1 hour. Serve with coffee, custard or caramel sauce. Four servings.

Rainbow Pudding

Five and a half oz. flour, 3 oz. sugar, 3 oz. fat, 1½ teaspoonfuls baking powder, 2 level teaspoonfuls Nescafé, ½ oz. custard, vanilla essence, pink colouring, ¼ pint milk. Cream fat and sugar, fold in the flour, baking powder and milk. Divide into three equal portions. Add vanilla essence and pink colouring to one portion, Nescafé to the second portion and custard to the third. Pour a little of each into a greased basin, alternating with spoonfuls until all the mixtures are used. Cover with greased paper and steam ¾-1 hour, until firm. Turn out and serve with Nescafé Coffee sauce. Four servings. See illustration.

Gateau Supreme

Nescafé butter cream filling, Nescafé Icing, 2 sponge rounds (8 in.), 10 meringue shells. Cut sponge rounds across in halves and sandwich all four with the Nescafé butter cream. Ice the top layer of the sponge. Spread a little butter cream, or any icing left over, on each underside of meringues and stick them at equal intervals round the sides of the sandwiched sponges. Pipe across the top and between each meringue with the butter cream to decorate. Finish with walnuts, violets or cherries and angelica or crystallized pineapple. Serve as a sweet with or without ice cream or as a cake.

NESCAFE BUTTER CREAM FILLING.—2 level teaspoonfuls Nescafé, 4 oz. icing sugar, 2 oz. margarine. Beat all the ingredients together until light and creamy.

NESCAFE BUTTER ICING.—2 oz. icing sugar, 1 oz. margarine, 1 rounded tea spoonful Nescafé. Beat well together.

Iced Coffee Drinks

Iced Coffee Two heaped tablespoonfuls Nescafé dissolved in a tablespoonful of hot water with level dessertspoonful of castor sugar. Stir in ¼ pint cold milk, add ice cubes to make ½ pint. This may be topped with ice cream or a blob of Nestlé's Pure Cream and a sprinkling of Nescafé mixed with sugar.

Iced Mocha Add 8-10 Nestlé's Nibbles or 1 oz. grated Nestlé's Superfine or Peter's Chocolate to 2 heaped teaspoonfuls Nescafé, dissolve in 2 tablespoonfuls piping hot water with teaspoonful castor sugar. Stir in a good ¼ pint milk and ice cubes to make ½ pint. Top with ice cream or cream and a sprinkling of Nescafé mixed with a little castor sugar.

Dusky Coffee Stir into the Iced Coffee 1-2 heaped teaspoonfuls Milo.

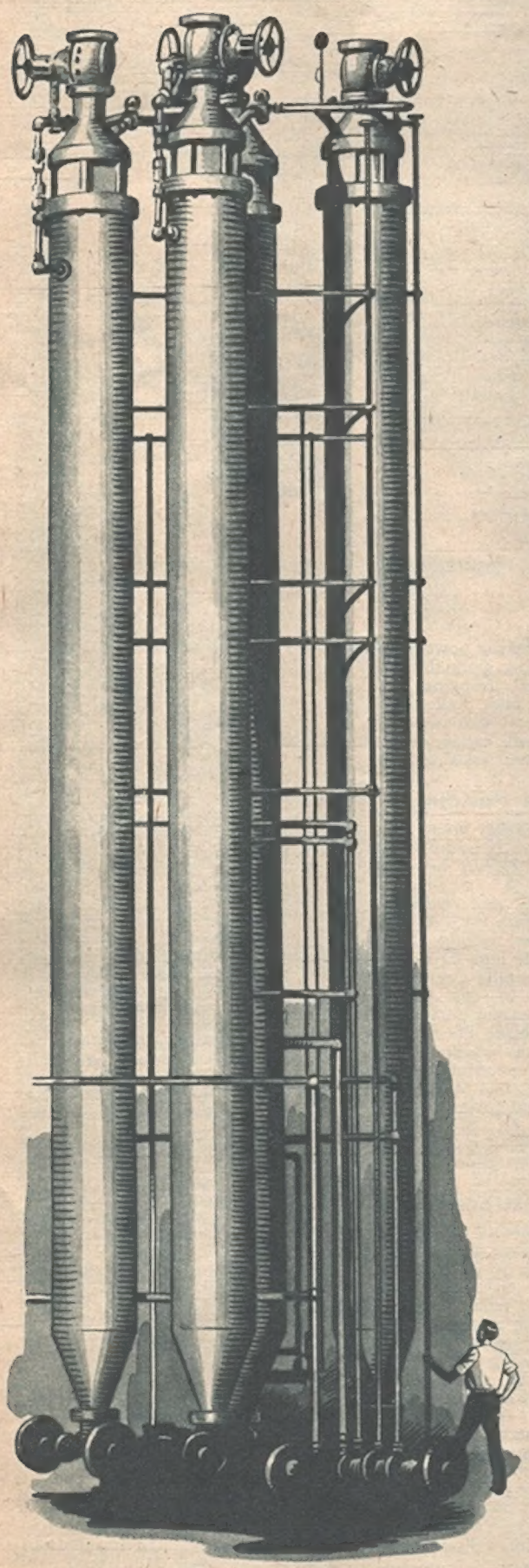
Coffee Sauce

One oz. cornflour, ¼ pint 'Ideal' Milk, ¼ pint water, 1 level tablespoonful sugar, 2 level teaspoonfuls Nescafé. Mix the Nescafé with the cornflour and blend with a little cold 'Ideal' Milk. Boil the milk and water with the sugar, pour over the paste of cornflour stirring well. Return to the rinsed pan, stir and bring to boil, cook two minutes.

NESCAFÉ

THE REVOLUTIONARY COFFEE!

A discovery that gave the world a more satisfying cup of coffee



The giant three-storey stainless steel percolators —fabulous electrically controlled equipment which would make you gasp if you stood beneath them

IN 1711 the infusion method of coffee making appeared in France. It consisted of a fustian bag into which the ground coffee was placed, the bag being put into the coffee-pot and boiling water poured over it. By 1760 the boiling method had been replaced by the infusion method in France, but in England almost everyone continued to boil their coffee.

In 1800 De Belloy invented the first percolator and in the century and a half that followed there have been scores of coffee-making jugs and percolators of all kinds on the market, though few people in England could make a reasonably good cup of coffee.

Since the early 1890s coffee-men and chemists have been seeking a soluble coffee or dried extract that would simplify the preparation of the beverage.

It was, however, not until 1938 that Nescafé first introduced (on the Continent) the perfect Instant Coffee. It met with such success that, in the following year, it was manufactured in this country.

Today Nescafé is a household name; it is the greatest revolution in drinking since that Arabian goatherd discovered the astonishing properties of the coffee-bean some fourteen hundred years ago.

EVER SINCE COFFEE WAS INTRODUCED FROM THE MIDDLE EAST THREE CENTURIES AGO THERE HAVE BEEN COUNTLESS ARGUMENTS CONCERNING THE BEST WAY TO MAKE GOOD COFFEE. THE FIRST KNOWN RECIPE IS DATED 1662:

"TO MAKE THE DRINK THAT IS NOW MUCH USED CALLED COFFEE. The coffee-berries are to be bought at any Druggists about three shillings a pound; Take what quantity you please, and over a charcoal fire, in an old pudding pan or frying pan, keep them always stirring till they be quite black, and when you crack one with your teeth that it is black within as it is without. . . . Take clean water and boil one third of it away what quantity soever it be; Take one quart of this preserved water, put in one ounce of the prepared coffee which you have beaten and forced through a Lawn Sive, and boil gently for quarter of an hour, and it is fit for your use. Drink one quarter of a pint as hot as you can sip it."

How is it done? We all know how the best coffee is the result of so much care in growing, blending, roasting, keeping and making. How is it, then, that out of a tin comes a brown powder which turns into wonderful pure coffee the moment it dissolves?

The answer is something of a miracle of ingenuity. Nescafé is the most carefully made coffee in the world. In fact it is specially blended, roasted and brewed to please the exacting and varying tastes of coffee drinkers in one hundred and twenty-five different countries.

One of the secrets of Nescafé is that it is blended, roasted and ground immediately before brewing, which means that it is still warm, and its flavour and aroma is at the peak of perfection, when the special Nescafé process begins. For this special processing, giant three-storey steel percolators are used.

After these great percolators have brewed the coffee to the precise flavour required, the Nescafé brew is then dehydrated by another unusual process. Thus, when both grounds and water have been removed we have left a powder which contains nothing but the pure goodness of the coffee-bean — with the difference that the coffee has been brewed already and all its essential values have been retained. It comes to you in a handy-sized tin from your grocers.

An important advantage of Nescafé is that it cannot get stale in stock at the grocers or in your larder. There's a special Nestlé process that "seals in" the aroma, right up to the very second you make the coffee! Notice the rich, full-strength fragrance that wafts up from the cup or jug as you pour on the boiling water. This all means that your coffee made with Nescafé always smells and tastes roaster-fresh; you make perfect coffee whenever you wish.

This is indeed revolutionary coffee!

The makers of Nescafé are today one of the world's largest buyers of the world's finest coffee-beans. So, with this miracle of instant coffee making comes the assurance that the coffee itself is unexcelled.

Complete—a magnificent new romance by VICTOR CANNING

The man looked up. "We thought this place was deserted," he said. But something in the girl's quiet manner made me wonder . . .

ILLUSTRATED BY FANCETT

A CASE OF DOLLARS

THE moon was just coming up over the eastern horn of the lagoon as I went ashore. The far line of scrub and palms stood out in a black frieze. The African *fundi*, Ali Dhowd, and two other men carried the stores and my stuff up to the long hut and dumped them on the veranda.

Ali asked: "You want one of the men to stay, boss?"

I shook my head. "I'll be all right, Ali. It's only a couple of weeks. Anyway, I'm a better cook than that boy of mine. But see you're back on time."

Ali gave me his flashing, untrustworthy grin. "We be back, Mister Pennell, boss. Bring cook boy and Mister Raines."

They went off down to the beach. I stood there watching them pull out to the dhow. She went out under sail, silently, like a great grey moth, floating around the far horn of the lagoon, and I was alone on Argados, with the nearest living soul thirty miles away on the Tanganyika mainland.

That suited me. After a month's leave with Bill

Life on my island was always humdrum and lonely. Then I found the body, the brunette—and the bundles of banknotes

Raines I could do with a little solitude—a little time on my hands.

Bill Raines was my boss, a wiry, energetic thirty—three years older than me—and, like me, unmarried. But, unlike me, Bill was content to stay that way. He was on the permanent staff of the East African Marine Fisheries Research Organization of the British Colonial Office.

There was nothing permanent about me. Bill listed me as his assistant marine biologist. I'd big-game fished most of the African waters, but I knew as much about biology as my boy did about French cooking.

I'd left Bill behind in Dar-es-Salaam with a bout of fever, and our cook boy had gone down with it, too. They'd both be back in a fortnight. In the meantime I was alone and not minding it.

BACK in my room I unrolled my sleeping bag on one of the camp beds, fixed myself a whisky and water and lay on the bed with the moonlight coming through the window. I knew it would be some time before I slept.

I lay there thinking, not about our research work, but about me. . . . Twenty-seven, too much money until I was twenty-four—it had gone through my hands like water—and nothing much to show for it except a gallery of faces, places and good times . . . and three broken engagements.

It was always the same line: "Jim, it won't work. We might as well be sensible about it. . . . I know I'm not the one for you."

That was it, of course. Each time I felt it was the real thing. Each time I got angry trying to convince myself that it was. But they always knew, bless their honest little hearts. . . .

I didn't begin work right away the next morning. There was no hurry. Bill reckoned the job would take twenty years or more.

He was making a record of the rate of growth of practically everything we could lay our hands on in the lagoon. Half my time I spent collecting things — fish, shells and so on — which Bill measured, marked and then chucked back. Some of the big stuff we marked underwater and, in a grotto up at the far end of the lagoon, Bill was trying out the application of soluble fertilizers, phosphates and the-Lord-knows-what, to stimulate growth. Most of the lagoon bed looked like a bargain basement, with everything ticketed.

So I gave work a rest to let the last of my leave hangover subside and took a stroll around. The island was three miles long and about half a mile wide . . . palms, scrub and two gum copal trees, some mangroves and the rest white sand.

In a little ravine at the far end of the island I found Martin Gage and Sandra Nelson.

It was early and the sun was not long up. He was in shirt and trousers, his back against a rock and his right foot shoeless and a scarf tied tightly around his ankle. She was wearing a white blouse and a red skirt and there was a large block of chocolate in her lap. They were sharing it. From their clothes it was clear that they'd done some swimming and the early sun was still drying them out.

On the sand at Gage's side was a battered and salt-stained suitcase, tied up with cord.

The girl stood up as I came down the shallow ravine and I caught a glimpse of white petticoat under the skirt. She was dark, with a solemn, rather still face that somehow just missed it—interesting, but not pretty.

"Well, thank God for you!" said Gage. "We thought this place was deserted. Argados, isn't it? Must be, by my reckoning."

"It's Argados," I said. "But how the devil did you get here?"

"Last night, just at dark, the engine conked and we went under in the lagoon."

"Boat?"

"No." He had thick lips; a heavy, elderly man with a big, distinguished face full of power. "Plane. Just got out in time before she went under. Lucky . . . except for this ankle. Twisted it a bit." He turned for a moment to the girl. "Sandra's all right. Bit shaken, maybe."

The girl didn't say anything and something in her quiet manner made me wonder.

Gage was able to hobble and I took them both back to the hut, fed them breakfast and fitted them out in our dressing-gowns until their clothes dried. Sandra didn't eat much, but Gage tucked in. He did most of the talking, too.

We were eating on the veranda and, when Sandra left us to go into the hut, Gage said quietly: "Didn't mention this while Sandra was here. She's really under the weather, poor kid. There were three of us in the plane. The other was Bob Dewer, old friend of mine—her fiancé. Came out last and just didn't make it, I guess. Poor old Bob . . . rotten luck." He lit one of my cigarettes. "So, you see, we've got to give her time to come round."

It was odd. He spoke with a kind of heavy, deliberate concern in his voice, but I had the impression that, in fact, he didn't give a damn.

"I'm sorry," I said. "But what were you doing out here?"

"Making for Tamatave in Madagascar. Bob's plane. He was well-heeled. His mother was French. Father's over in Madagascar. He was taking Sandra over. I was going along on a business trip. Two weeks, you say, before your dhow comes in? Well, that'll give this ankle nice time to heal up. You do a lot of underwater stuff in the lagoon?"

"Every day," I said. "But there's an eighteen-foot tide drop. Your friend—unless he's in the plane—will have been taken out."

"I saw him coming out as we swam for it. Poor old Bob. No great shakes as a swimmer. I had my hands full with Sandra. . . ."

"And the suitcase?" I couldn't resist it. The case was right by his chair.

He laughed and I didn't like the sound. "Had to hang on to it. Legal papers and deeds—the French have just granted me a mining concession in Madagascar."

He sat there, big and settled, as though he were taking a Riviera holiday breakfast and hadn't a care in the world, despite the fact that his best friend was drowned, and that friend's girl only a few yards from him.

I gave her Bill Raines's room, next to mine, and Gage had a smaller one next to Bill's laboratory. That afternoon I went down and found the plane in the lagoon. She was in about twenty feet of water, right up at the head of the lagoon. There was no sign of Bob Dewer.

Most of that day Sandra kept to her own

I pushed Sandra away and slammed the door. Then

room. Maybe she slept. She certainly didn't at night. Once or twice I woke and heard her moving about through the thin hardboard wall. Once I thought I heard her crying, but I couldn't be really sure of it.

She looked all right the next morning, cool and quiet, but with the suggestion that if anybody tried to take her out of herself too much with talk, she wouldn't be able to maintain her calmness. Except for mealtime conversation I left her alone.

Gage did enough talking, anyway, for the lot of us. I let him run on, watching Sandra. Twenty-three, four or five? It was hard to tell. But she was built the way I cared for and, when you were with her for a while, you saw that she had something better than prettiness or good looks—a kind of memorableness. . . . You could shut your eyes and still see her. Her face and her figure and the way she moved had a quality which most of the women I'd known in the Tanganyika clubs, and far, far back in the old days on the Riviera, would have given a lot for.

THAT morning I went to work, doing some jobs on the coral heads near the mouth of the lagoon. Every now and again I saw Gage farther up the lagoon. He was hobbling slowly along the water's edge, poking about and doing a little cautious wading.

I guessed he was keeping an eye open for Bob Dewer. Well, he might be lucky—if the body had got stuck somewhere. But I felt that if the tide sweep hadn't taken the body out, the sharks that came in at high tide would have cleaned up. . . . Anything left around in our lagoon soon

two bullets came through—one scoring great chips from the bench, the other smashing into a jar

got tidied up. It was the whole purpose of life down there.

When I got back I found that Sandra had taken over the cooking. I thanked her.

"It's about all I can do, isn't it?" she said. She looked at me and just for a moment there was something in her eyes, as though she were not waking up, not coming out of a bad dream, but at least thinking about it.

"It's a good thing to keep busy, perhaps. . . . Gage has told me about Dewer."

She nodded. Just that. No emotion, no flicker of anything. It had me a little puzzled.

Gage came hobbling out of his room at that moment and I didn't get a chance to say any more, even if I'd known what to say. And that was something, too, that I noticed in the next few days. He kept an eye on her. If she and I were alone, it would only be a few moments before he turned up.

I think it was this that started me off. Although I had nothing definite to go on—imagination's a tricky thing to trust—I couldn't shake off the feeling that somewhere something was badly wrong.

That's why I decided to have a look at the suitcase which Gage kept in his room.

It was easy. I did it one morning when he was hobbling around the lagoon and Sandra was with him. There was no lock on his door—the only room with a lock was Bill's laboratory (one of the boys we'd had used to have a habit of eating Bill's alcohol-pickled specimens).

The case was under the bed and it was stuffed to the brim with wads of American currency—dollar bills of all denominations. Not much stained by the water, either. Could have been a hundred thousand dollars. I don't know. I didn't bother to count them. All I knew was that there was enough in the case to keep any man happy for a very long time.

I kept my mouth shut, but I did a lot of thinking. It could have been that Gage had come by the money honestly and had lied to me about the contents of the case because he just didn't trust strangers to know he carried so much money. It could have been. . . . But the man's powerful assurance and the easy way he had taken the loss of Bob Dewer, and the girl's quietness, as though she were afraid to talk, even about trivialities, all made me suspicious.

That night I worked latish in the laboratory, making up a batch of notes on my work for Bill. When I went to my room I passed Sandra's doorway. It was half open and the oil lamp was burning. She was sitting by the window just staring straight in front of her.

I put my head round the door. "Can't sleep?"

Her head came round towards me slowly and she half smiled. "No. It's so hot."

"It's always like that before a *kaskazi*."

"*Kaskazi*?"

"The wind we get during the changing monsoon. Tomorrow, the next day, it'll blow." I grinned. "You haven't been out here long, or you'd know the *kaskazi*."

"Five years." She said it in a dull voice. "But I've a lot to learn."

The dullness in that last phrase was full of meaning, and for a moment I waited, thinking she was going to go on speaking, hoping she would, but she didn't. I felt I wanted to go over to her, put my hands on her shoulders and shake her a little and say: "Come on—snap out of it. What's holding you down? Bob Dewer, or something else?"

All I said was: "Well, try to get some sleep. And if there's anything I can do. . . ."

"Thank you." She looked across at me, and in the light from the lamp, the way it caught the side of her cheek and put a little shadow under her lips, she looked the way somehow that roused a whole tangle of feeling in me.

I got myself a whisky before I turned in, and before I slept I knew what was happening to me. I was going overboard about her. But not as I had with all the others—one long, deep, quick dive and then up for air and disillusion. This time I was being drawn in slowly, even somehow against my will. . . .

I FOUND Bob Dewer, or what was left of him, the next afternoon. The *kaskazi* had started to blow hard just after lunch. The tide was full in the lagoon and the water was white-capped and the sea outside working up fast. Great thunderheads of cloud were prowling round the horizon. When the weather was like that, there could be nasty currents and drags down below. But I hadn't been to the grotto since my return and I wanted to check up on the chemical feeders which were down there. Every three or four weeks they needed refilling.

I went down in a slow glide and all the familiar faces and bits and pieces came up to greet me. The old grouper that lived just inside the grotto mouth gave me a moony sneer. The usual trio of long-snouted coral fish, their gold flanks dulled now because the clouds had covered the sun, and the usual fussy school of tanda-tanda showing off their blue stripes, came and said hallo.

It was like coming home for the holidays. Everything in its place. Everything just as I'd left it. Except for Bob Dewer. He was wedged under a rock ledge where the tide rip had pushed him, and it was clear that it wouldn't be long before the tidying-up job was completed. He lay there with his back to me, and he wasn't a pretty sight.

I came up quickly and made my way out. I stripped off the diving gear in a little lean-to we'd built under the palms at the lagoon head and got into some clothes and then I went back to our hut.

I was lucky. Sandra was sitting on the veranda watching the angry sea and clouds, and Gage was down at the water's edge with one of Bill's rods, fishing for bass in the long rollers.

I said to Sandra: "I'd like a word with you. Not here. Inside."

I went in and she followed me. I opened the door of the laboratory and stood aside for her to enter.

"What is it?"

She stood with her back against the bench at the far end of the room and I faced her. I wasn't in any mood for tea-table talk, and I was angry too.

"How long have you known Gage?" I asked.

She got my mood right away and didn't try to hedge.

"Five years."

"What's he got on you that makes you go around like a scared mouse?"

She coloured up at that, but I gave her no chance to escape. "Come on," I said. "I want the truth. Why are you scared of him?"

"I'm not . . . I'm. . . ."

"You're scared. Is it because he's got a suitcase full of American dollar bills?"

"How do you know that?"

"I looked. I've got a curious and suspicious mind. You'd better come clean, then perhaps I can help you. I want to help you, you know that." I went over and took her by the shoulders. "Tell me!"

I got it from her. She was a doctor's daughter. He'd died a few years back. She had a little money of her own. She'd known Gage and Dewer

for many years. Dewer had seemed to be a man of some wealth. He spent a lot of time up country on safari.

Some days ago he and Gage had come to her in a hurry and proposed the trip to Madagascar as a pleasure jaunt, but on the way over the truth had come out. Dewer and Gage were mixed up in illicit diamond buying and a few other unpleasant things. The authorities had begun to close in on them and they had had to leave in a hurry—the suitcase contained most of what they'd made in the last few years. From Madagascar they were going to get a boat.

I could imagine that scene in the plane. . . .

I PULLED out my matches and cigarettes as she talked. She reached out for a cigarette and we both smoked.

"I told them that as soon as we got to Madagascar I was going to leave them. I'd forget I'd ever known them." For the first time her voice had a different quality, polished, hard, the tones of a woman who knew her own mind.

"But then there was the plane crash, and Dewer didn't get out in time."

She nodded. "Yes. But Gage said he'd kill me—and you—if I said anything. We had a bargain. The moment he was on the mainland with the money, we'd part and forget one another. I had to agree. You don't know what he's like. . . ."

"I know what he's like. So Bob Dewer was drowned because he didn't get clear in time?"

"Of course. How else?"

I tossed a long knife on to the bench at her side. "I found Dewer in the lagoon grotto an hour ago. This was sticking out of his back."

"Oh. . . ."

One hand went up to her mouth and the breath came from her in horror. For a moment we stood there without words, while outside the high wind rattled at the loose palm fronds of the roof and I could hear the sand skittering up against the boards as it swept the beach.

"Gage killed Dewer when he saw his chance, because he doesn't believe in sharing profits. . . ."

"How right you are, Mr. Pennell!"

I swung round. The laboratory door was half open and in the passageway a couple of yards from it Gage was standing, holding a revolver in his hand.

I didn't wait for any discussion. I pushed Sandra away and jumped for the door. I slammed it, throwing myself to one side, and shot the bolt and threw the catch up on the lock.

He fired two shots. They smashed through about waist high. One of them scored great chips of wood from the top of the bench, the other smashed a glass jar at the end of a row of jars. I reached out for Sandra and pulled her to me, the two of us pressed back against the far wall and close to the door where no bullet could reach us. With the door shut, the place was almost dark.

Gage didn't waste any more ammunition. There was a little silence and then his voice: "You'd better come out. I only have to shoot the lock and bolt off. You both want to live. Maybe we can come to some sensible arrangement."

I didn't answer.

"What do we do?" Sandra's voice was a whisper.

I didn't know. The only window in the place faced the beach, and I'd shuttered and barred that from the outside just before lunch to protect the glass from the great gusts of the rising *kaskazi*. If we tried to break through that, he'd hear us and go out.

I looked round the shadowed laboratory, and maybe it was the sight of the jars of pickled specimens that gave me the idea. My mouth close to Sandra's ear, I whispered: "Stay where you are."

I dropped flat and crawled across to the bench. The boy who used to steal the pickled specimens had been clever. We'd had to get rid of him in the end because even locks hadn't kept him out of the laboratory. The whole building was raised on two-foot piers above the sand. He'd crawled underneath and pushed up a couple of planks.

I reached up to the bench and took the knife which had killed Bob Dewer and began work on the boards. I turned and gave Sandra a grin, but there was nothing to grin about. A shot slammed through the door an inch to the right of the lock and there was a great crash of breaking glass as the bullet smashed into the row of jars. Another followed it as Gage began to work on the lock. . . .

We got out with about ten seconds to spare. We wriggled through the gap in the floor and across the sand to the lagoon side of the hut. I grabbed Sandra's hand, pulling her up, and we began to run away from the hut. Gage came to the end of the hut when we were about fifty yards away and fired one shot that went wild. After that he didn't waste any ammunition.

He came after us, hobbling on his bad ankle and taking his time. And he had all the time in the world, for we couldn't double back to the main part of the island. We were on the long eastern spur, half a mile of thick scrub and palm with the sea at the end of it—a sea now that was high and roaring with the wind; a sea nobody could have lived in for more than a few minutes.

We headed into the teeth of the wind and it whipped up sand and pieces of scrub into our faces. As we ran, her hand in mine, I was angry with frustration. We hadn't spoken a word to one another that had anything to do with our real selves, but I knew that for the first time there might be a chance that this girl could be the one who would never say: "It just won't work, Jim." And now there wasn't going to be any time to prove it. . . .

I looked round. We were half-way along the spur. He was coming after us, very slowly, a dark, bulky figure against the waving palms and scrub, and there was no stopping him.

Hearing Sandra pant and sob for breath, I eased up and we stopped for a moment. We both turned, watching him, five hundred yards away and coming on with all the time and assurance in the world.

I said bitterly: "There's no point in running. We're not going anywhere. You stay here. I'll go back. . . ."

"No, you mustn't!" She grabbed at my arm.

"It's our only chance. If I can get close enough . . . if I can get at him. . . ."

"No—he won't miss. I've seen him shoot. You can't go!" She hung on to me and the wind took her skirt and flared it out and for the first time since I'd met her she was awake and alive and vital . . . and I wanted her to stay like that.

"There must be something! There must be something!" she almost shouted.

"There's nothing. . . ."

He was two hundred yards away now, and for a moment he stopped. The spur was no more than fifty yards wide and he held to the middle of it, knee high in the scrub, and the wind roared in from the sea with a noise like a crowd out for blood.

And then, seeing the scrub and tall grasses flattened by the wind, streaming away towards him like smoke, the idea was suddenly in my head. I ran across into the thickest scrub and dried grass patches. I heard Sandra call: "Jim, what are you doing?" But I had no time to answer. I kneeled down and struck a match.

It worked better than I had imagined. The small spurt of flame leaped up, took the grasses, and the wind whipped the fire away like a shoal of panic-stricken red and yellow fish. I ran to another patch and lit it, and then another. The wind took the flames and carried them away towards Gage, scrub and dried grass crackling and spurting great tongues of flame and smoke.

Sandra came up to me and took my arm. The flames, now a low, racing wall, swept down on Gage. He saw them coming, stopped and then turned back. He began to hobble quickly away down the spur. One arm of fire roared away to his right, outstripping him. A couple of palms flared up like great torches. I saw him increase his speed, almost running . . . back along the spur to the beach and our hut.

Sandra's fingers bit into my arm. "Look!"

But I had seen. The fire was racing faster down one edge of the horn and the shrubs and grass around the hut were suddenly engulfed in a spinning vortex of fire. A tongue of smoky flame leaped across the twelve feet of bare sand to the hut and I saw the palmetto roof catch fire.

There was no doubt of the reason for Gage's hurry now. He was ploughing across the sand towards the hut. Inside was his suitcase full of dollar bills.

WE stood there, the blackened earth before us, the distant flame and smoke like a wild curtain of reds and yellows. Gage plunged up the veranda steps and I heard Sandra's breath caught and held in a moment of horror. He went inside, and the next moment the roof was a pool of fire that suddenly overflowed and engulfed the hut. I heard the quick, hungry suck of flames as the whole thing blazed like a summer-dry bonfire. Over the shriek of the gale I caught for a moment the sound of a wild scream.

Sandra shuddered against me. There was nothing there but smoke and flame. The sweeping tongue of fire from the other side of the spur swept forward and the blaze raced away up the inner side of the lagoon.

We stood there as the flames passed on and there was only a blackened pile of smoking wreckage where the hut had been.

I felt Sandra shake against me and I put an arm round her. Her face was against my shoulder, not looking towards the hut. I held her close and I knew that this was the beginning. There was no need for words or proof.

In a little while the flames would die out. In a little time the horror would fade and then we would begin to find one another. THE END

© *Victor Canning, 1958*

CART-HORSES

Turning the spring-warmed clods
in listless mood,
I woke to jolting wheels along
the lane,
And rested idly on my earthy
spade
To watch the horses pass; taut
sinews strain,
Branch shadows shake across
their swaying load
And rounded haunch, lithe flank,
and snowy side
Blue-laced and rippled by the
early sun.
The patient power, the discipline,
the pride
Of those great toiling beasts lit
in my dulled mind,
And joy came back to earth in
one swift stride.

by MARGARET WILLY

David Wickins makes it easy to change hands at the wheel. To clinch the deal it's . . .

Hands up! —for your new car

by FRANK DUNKLEY

Buyers weigh up a Hillman saloon while David Wickins (nearest camera on rostrum) takes bids. He sells one car every two minutes

ONE autumn afternoon three years ago, at a car auction run by an assured ex-naval officer named David Wickins at Farnborough, Hampshire, there was some brisk bidding for a luxury three and a half litre sports saloon. Wickins finally knocked it down for £800. The buyer was a shabbily dressed, unshaven man who turned out to be the proprietor of a travelling fun fair.

Twelve months later Wickins again auctioned the car. The fun fair proprietor got most of his money back, then bid £110 for an ancient, badly battered eight horse-power tourer.

"The fine summer of 1955," says Wickins, "had raised that man to the Jaguar-owning class. The three wet bank holidays of last year had reduced him to the ranks of the pre-war Ford owners."

Although he has few clients whose prosperity is so dependent on the weather, Wickins has found a fortune in the frequency with which people change their cars.

Of the four million cars on Britain's roads, motoring organizations estimate that some two-thirds have had more than one owner. "The term 'second-hand car,'" says an Automobile Association official, "is generally a misnomer. In its lifetime from the showroom to the breaker's yard, it is quite usual for a car to pass through a dozen different hands. The majority of pre-war cars still in service have already done so. Because there is space for only seven changes of ownership to be recorded, it is rare to find a car more than fifteen years old still with its original log book." No precise figures are available, but the number of used cars now sold every year has been assessed at 350,000.

Wickins, a tall, square-shouldered man of thirty-eight, admits that a trade with an annual turnover near the £100 million mark attracts plenty of sharks and "fly-by-nights." "They try every trick in the book," he says, "but we usually manage to keep one jump ahead."

He does not pretend to know cars mechanically, but insists that every client fully lists a vehicle's defects before entering it for sale and, in cases of misrepresentation, accepts it back immediately. By witholding payment for a week, during which the purchase price can be reclaimed and the car returned to the vendor, he has a near fool-proof safeguard.

Recently one dealer bought a car for £200 at a Wickins auction and the next day asked for his money back. He claimed that the engine, which had been described as "recently reconditioned," needed a complete overhaul.

Inquiries revealed that the dealer had failed to re-sell the car to a prospective client. Frightened that it might remain on his hands, he had deliberately ruined the engine by running the car for twenty miles after draining the sump of oil.

"That dealer found he had a car with a burned-out engine on his hands," says Wickins. "He also found his way on to our black list."

On another occasion a car was found to have a cylinder block with a crack that had been patched up with a patent sealing compound, then disguised with a coating of paint and grease. Before the crack was discovered, the car had been sold to a woman who had driven off convinced that she had got a bargain.

Says Wickins: "The cylinder block stayed airtight just long enough for her to get a mile down the road. That car was returned to the vendor and the woman got her money back. The following week she bought another car through us and we maintained our reputation for square dealing."

The system also gives Wickins a chance to catch up on people who, in need of ready cash, regularly attempt to slip through the auctions cars on which hire-purchase payments are still outstanding.

Only once did it seriously back-fire. Wickins had auctioned seventy cars in one day—at that time, in 1947, a record—and was still congratulating himself at breakfast the next morning, when his phone rang. An angry voice informed him that one of the cars he had sold was "less roadworthy than Cleopatra's chariot."

The next few hours brought a rush of similar complaints. Wickins was baffled. "We were still in the throes of the postwar car shortage and people were far less exacting in their demands than they are today," he recalls. "Then at lunch time I picked up a newspaper and discovered why so many buyers were wanting their money back. Overnight the basic petrol ration had been suspended."

That day Wickins gave his general foreman, Bill Chandler, the job of sorting out which of the complaints were justified. Today Chandler still acts as an unofficial umpire in disputes between buyers and sellers. Dealers have the highest respect for his judgment and he prides himself on the fact that it has never been necessary to take a dispute to court. "I pay him," says Wickins, "but his instructions are to act with the strictest impartiality."

Wickins claims that such methods have enabled him to take the car auction off the bombed site and turn it into big business. In twelve years he has outstripped his rivals and built up his Southern Counties Car Auctions into an organization through which last year over ten thousand cars worth £2,500,000 were sold. So far 150,000 vehicles have come under his hammer.

Wickins charges 10s. to enter a car for auction and takes five per cent commission—with a limit of £15—on every complete transaction. He runs weekly auctions at Farnborough, Chichester, Tunbridge Wells, Birmingham and at Alexandra Palace, where two years ago he spent £20,000 converting the derelict railway station into an auction site.

His staff of 140 includes clerks and attendants and sixteen girl drivers who collect and deliver cars from all over Britain. When a sale is on, he auctions cars at the rate of one every two minutes. The moment his hammer falls for the third time, the buyer collects his documents and drives away.

MOST of the cars sold are those that have been taken in by motor traders in part exchange for new cars. Other dealers also buy ninety per cent of those auctioned, to re-sell with the help of hire purchase.

By declining to deal in used cars himself, Wickins claims to have won the support of the entire motor trade. Some years ago, however, he noticed that the dealers were not interested in the caravans that were being entered for auction. As a result, most of them failed to reach the reserve price and were being towed away marked "Not Sold."

Wickins began buying them by private treaty. He then started a firm of caravan retailers, which has grown into one of the biggest in the country. He realized that people needed somewhere to put the caravans, and opened a site at Bracklesham Bay. Now he runs a string of sites along the south coast. He also lets other people's caravans on commission and runs his own finance company

Continued on page 42

ERIKA AND THE KING OF NEPAL · I

I uncover the mystery of the forbidden land

by ERIKA LEUCHTAG

Erika Leuchtag, a masseuse, went to Nepal in 1949 to give treatment to a queen. She expected adventure—and found intrigue and peril

A woman's dramatic story of her lone fight to free a king from his prison beyond the Himalayas

Katmandu, the capital of Nepal. Erika reached it from India after being carried along a Himalayan path in a sedan chair

THE letter came from Katmandu, Nepal, and had been written on Christmas Eve, 1948. It was typed on fine handmade paper and signed by a European doctor whom I, as a masseuse, had once met in Simla, a town in northern India some 550 miles to the west of Katmandu.

"Dear Miss Leuchtag," he wrote, "I am writing to you officially (and in a hurry) to ask if you would be prepared to come here to give regular massage to a very highly placed lady. I suggested your name and I was asked to find out from you what your terms would be and for how long you would come."

At the time I was staying in Patiala, about fifty miles south of Simla, as the guest of the Maharani of Patiala, and there I was as content, I suppose, as it has ever been possible for me to be.

Katmandu, I knew, was the capital of Nepal, and Nepal was a Himalayan kingdom where the British recruited their Gurkhas, and where men climbed Everest. More than this I did not know. Out of curiosity, I wrote back to the doctor, asking for the name of his highly placed lady, and for some information on Katmandu.

I wrote also to my mother in Simla, and her reply came to me like a little cloud of worry. Did I not realize, she asked, that Nepal was a forbidden land, its people and princes hostile to foreigners, and that to reach it one had to *walk* across mountains seven thousand feet high?

"You shall not go," she wrote.

Then the doctor, who had left Nepal and was in Calcutta, replied.

"The patient in question is Her Majesty the Senior Queen of Nepal. Katmandu is about 4,500 feet in a valley surrounded by the Himalayas. There are, apart from about a dozen people belonging to the British Embassy, no Europeans in Nepal. I would suggest a salary of between Rs.1,500 and Rs.2,800 a month, and

you would get, of course, board and lodgings and first-class fare for yourself and your bearer. The matter is urgent. . . ."

I was in Simla when this letter came. The distant mountains, beyond which lay Nepal, were breathlessly white with snow. *Do not go,* my friends were still saying. Mother came to me with pictures she had torn from the *Illustrated Weekly Of India,* and these showed an American ambassador lying exhausted in the grass on the mountain path to Nepal. If this could happen to a man, she said, what would happen to me?

But I had already accepted the invitation.

In the first week of February I received a letter from the Foreign Office in Nepal. It was typed in large letters on thick paper embossed in red with the arms of Nepal, the shield of Shiva—the god of creation, preservation and destruction, and of the dance—a crest of crossed kukri and the foot-prints of the Lord Buddha. It was signed by the Director-General of Foreign Affairs, whose name was like a barbaric clash of cymbals—Major-General Bijaya Shamsher Jang Bahadur Rana.

In return for my "professional services in the household of His Majesty the King" I was offered a salary of two thousand Indian rupees a month —approximately £150—in addition to first-class travelling expenses and board and lodging.

I told him that I would need transport for myself, my servant, Ghorki Ram, and my black and white spaniel bitch Peepchen. My servant, I said, was a meat-eating Hindu, and I would be obliged if the major-general wrote this into our contract. I did not wish Ghorki to be starved by Hindus of more orthodox habits. For three weeks there was no reply to this letter stating my conditions, and one came only after I had reminded the major-general by telegram. He sent me a three-page letter containing ten clauses of agreement. Clause four, I was happy to see, read: "I note that your servant is a Hindu bearer, unorthodox and meat-eating."

Soon I informed Katmandu that I would arrive at Raxaul on the Nepal border on Thursday, March 3. There was much that I had to do.

It was still bitterly cold in Simla, and I thought how colder still it must surely be crossing the Himalayas. So I went to the bazaar and bought men's long underpants for myself and Ghorki. I ordered for myself a khaki suit that looked like a battledress, with slacks, and a bush-jacket with a hood. Wearing this, with my short-cropped hair, I looked like a man—so much so, in fact, that on the journey other bearers were to mock Ghorki, calling: "*Bai,* how old is your sahib?"

"My sahib," Ghorki would reply with indignation, "is a memsahib."

Ghorki Ram had been my bearer for five years. He was a hillman, a proud Rajput, a tiny, bow-legged man in his fifties but with the strength and endurance of a man half his age. He had a gentle face that glowed behind his white moustache, and I was very fond of him.

At the beginning of March we left Simla for Nepal. I was spiritually elated; I had the strange light-headed feeling that all that was to happen to me had happened before, and I had no reason to be afraid. My mother and my friends, however, parted from me as if they never expected to see me again. . . .

It was a hot, bitter, uncomfortable train journey across the Indian plains to the border. From Raxaul we took a narrow-gauge train thirty miles northwards through the Terai jungle to Amlekhganj, where the railway ended. A dusty station-wagon was waiting there, its chauffeur a white-capped Nepali who sang as he drove.

We climbed higher and higher with each whip-bend of the road, into air which was sharp and sweet.

The motor-road ended at Bhimhedi, at the foot of a wall of rock. Here was the first great barrier of the Himalayas, here must men walk to enter the valleys of Nepal.

We were expected. Where our car halted was a chattering group of porters, their chests, arms and bow-legs naked, thin wisps of moustache hanging below the corners of their mouths, and their slant-eyes studying me without emotion. Standing before them was the headman, smart in Nepali cap, flounced shirt, crumpled jodhpurs and a black European jacket. He bowed and spoke in hesitant English, telling me that it was his honour to take me over the mountains to Thankot in the valley of Katmandu—that is, if I would be good enough to get into the *dandi.* that awaited me.

This was a sedan chair, luxurious and old. It was upholstered with purple velvet and obviously reserved for honoured guests. I was suitably impressed. Great poles were thrust through hoops on either side, and by them waited eight bearers.

Behind this purple glory was another *dandi* for Ghorki, cruder than mine and without upholstery. And behind that was a smaller *dandi* still, for Peepchen.

I climbed into my *dandi* and was swung into the air with a throaty cry of "*Narain-ah!*" ("Help us, O Lord!") from the porters. Peepchen was lifted into her little chair, and there she sat with head down and eyes weeping until I called to her and she came running, leaping up to me to travel to Katmandu on my lap.

We climbed to the sky, and when the path was steep the bearers cried passionately, "*Narain-ah!*" and I saw the sweat running down the deep grooves in the backs of their necks.

That day we climbed two thousand feet to the rest house at Sisagarhi. Sometimes the clouds were high above us, sometimes below in the valleys, thin, fading puffs of wool. We reached Sisagarhi in the late afternoon, where it clung to a mountain top more than six thousand feet above sea level. It was known as a fort, but I saw no walls, no battlements, only a village, white where the sun fell upon it.

The next morning, very early, we went on, climbing still, and the climb was hard. Now the mist was thick, and the black arms of wild apple trees reached out of it toward us. Where the sun shone, great butterflies of incredible beauty were poised over the ice-blue rhododendrons.

Two hours after noon we reached the top of Chandragiri Pass, and there I looked down into a green valley, a smooth floor fifteen hundred feet below. I cried: "*Bandkaro!* Stop!" and leaped from the *dandi.*

"Nepal," said the headman.

I had seen nothing so beautiful. Three rivers ran across the valley floor. The fields, spaced by groves of black trees, were brilliantly green. There were cities in the valley, three cities close together like a cluster of jewels, winking with gold, white and red in the sun.

I stared at the valley for a long time, then I walked most of the way down the mountain to the town of Thankot at its foot, although the descent is steeper than the climb on the other side. I let myself down by clutching at the great branches of the rhododendrons, where green orchids were woven among the dark leaves.

Now fir trees filled the air with their scent. I was happy to walk, and Peepchen was happy to run, her nose trailing this strange earth, and the porters stared at her as if they had never seen a dog like her, which was indeed true.

In this way did I come over the Himalayas to the valley of Katmandu and the palace of King Tribhuvana. . . .

When Erika met the King (left) he was grave and troubled. The Prime Minister (right) was the real power in the land

A car, a great American one, many years old, was waiting in Thankot, and took Ghorki, Peepchen and me to Tripureswar Number One—the guest-house in Katmandu where I was to stay. It was a self-contained little home, with a living-room, dining-room and bedrooms.

I was introduced to a man, dressed untidily in khaki uniform, who was my bodyguard, and to another man, dressed in white, who greeted me devoutly and said he was Lala Ram, the son of Mani Ram, keeper of the guest-houses. In the flower-scented garden waited a little group—my cook, bearer, sweeper, gardener and laundryman —their dark faces smiling above the white of their shirts.

Later in the evening I wrote to Mother. Every day I was to write to her, because she worried about me.

The night beyond the shadows of my garden was full of the sound of bells; not the heavy, sonorous note of European bells, but a thin, hysterical jingle that rose and fell and ceased suddenly at the boom of a great gun. Then there was silence.

Ghorki came to me. It was curfew, he said; the servants had told him. Every night at ten

How to give 'the very thing'

—when you don't know what they want

'AND THEY LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER' . . . An auspicious occasion which calls for—and there's the problem. What *does* it call for? The answer is a Midland Bank Gift Cheque. Colourful and gay, it is by far the most permanent, most gracious way of giving money. And it can so easily be converted into 'the very thing' they're looking for. Any branch will cash Midland Bank Gift Cheques on sight up to £10 value. What is more, *anyone* – bank account or no bank account – can buy Gift Cheques for any amount at any branch of the Midland Bank. The cost is only 1/- plus, of course, the amount you intend to give. If you're interested in this unique Midland Bank service write or ask for the special descriptive leaflet.

Anyone can give—and cash—

MIDLAND BANK GIFT CHEQUES

Also available: Gift Cheques for Birthdays, Christmas and general purposes.

MIDLAND BANK LIMITED · HEAD OFFICE: POULTRY, LONDON, E.C.2.

the cannon sounded, and no Nepali dared stir from his house until the morning gun gave him permission.

I rose early in the morning. As I sat at breakfast I saw a stranger in the garden, waiting politely.

He was a short, middle-aged man in a Nepali suit, a dark Nepali cap tilted over his intelligent face. Ghorki came to me with a visiting card. On it was printed: *Siddhimani A. Dixit, M.B.*

"He is the royal physician, madam," said Ghorki.

Dr. Siddhimani came in and sat on my sofa. His English was good. I asked him what was expected of me, and when I would be called to give treatment to the Senior Queen. He smiled a little, and he said that for this day I would not be needed, but on the next day, at four thirty in the afternoon, he would call for me and take me for an audience with the Prime Minister.

"The Prime Minister? But Doctor Sahib, I wasn't told it would be like this. I have nothing fitting to wear. I cannot go."

He raised his eyebrows and then studied the tips of his fingers. "Madam," he said gravely, "you *must* go. It is the Prime Minister's order. I shall call for you."

By four thirty the next day I was dressed as fittingly as possible. I wore a green woollen frock with long sleeves and a high neck, and placed a beaver fur cape over my shoulders. Dr. Siddhimani arrived and we drove for five minutes through a cloud of dust until, suddenly, we were in front of what seemed at first to be the prototype for the Palace of Versailles.

"Singha Durbar, madam," said Dr. Siddhimani, "the official residence of the Prime Minister."

I said: "If this is how his Prime Minister lives, what can the King's palace be like?"

But the doctor did not reply.

The great building rose out of the earth, four storeys high, colonnaded in Italian style, white where it was not tinted rose by the sun.

Dr. Siddhimani and I left the car at the foot of a marble staircase. At the top of the staircase bowing servants showed us into a room. We had been there scarcely a few minutes before the door opened and we were bowed into an adjoining chamber.

I looked at my watch. It was five o'clock, the hour of the audience. The doors at the far end of the room swung back, and a little, elderly man came toward us.

This was the Maharaja, His Highness Mohun Shamsher Jang Bahadur Rana, and the grand name lost all its effect on me because he looked like Theodore Roosevelt.

His face was pale, and was bisected by a curving white moustache. The pince-nez on his nose gave a bland, genial expression. He wore a long frock coat, once known, I believe, as a Prince Albert, with shining silk lapels and a fresh red flower in the buttonhole. In the centre of his round black cap there gleamed an enormous diamond.

Dr. Siddhimani had warned me that His Highness was an orthodox Hindu, strict in protocol, and hated to shake hands with Europeans, believing that therein lay defilement. I accordingly pressed the palms of my hands together, bowed over them and said: "*Namashkar*, I greet the divine in you, Your Highness."

The Prime Minister came toward me with his hands outstretched, taking mine and guiding me to a sofa, and there he sat beside me on the red velvet and gold brocade.

His officers stood before us in a half-moon of khaki and polished leather. The Prime Minister introduced me to them, his good English slipping through names that refused to take hold on my mind, except that all of them seemed to end with "Jang Bahadur Rana." Finally, one did touch my memory. "Madam, my son, General Bijaya Shamsher Jang Bahadur Rana."

A young man with broad, athletic shoulders bent forward and shook my hand.

His dark hair curled out from beneath his cap, and a pencil-thin moustache along his upper lip straightened with his smile.

I exclaimed: "Your Highness's son? This is General Bijaya, the Foreign Minister who wrote to me? But he's so young, and a general. He must be very brilliant."

The smile halted on the young man's lips as if he had forgotten it. The Prime Minister stared at me. He seemed to be searching beyond my words, trying to find out if I was really in fact a silly European woman who was too ignorant to know that his sons were generals from the moment they were born.

He offered me a cigarette. I smoked and I was at ease, yet at the same time I was aware that I was answering his questions with a schoolgirl naïvety, and the more naïve my answers the better pleased he seemed.

At last he stood up, his hand extended. "Goodbye, madam. I hope you enjoy your stay in Nepal."

Down the marble staircase to the car we went. "Now I must take you to Naran Hity Durbar," said Dr. Siddhimani. "It is the palace of the King. Now you have audience with His Majesty."

"Doctor Sahib," I cried, almost in anger, "I knew nothing of this either. I cannot go as I am. Let me go home, at least for a moment so I may powder my nose and collect a present I've brought for the Queen."

"It is possible," said Dr. Siddhimani, but he seemed unhappy about it, and he looked at his watch anxiously like the White Rabbit in *Alice In Wonderland*.

It was late afternoon when the doctor and I left Tripureswar again. As we drove away, the main city of Katmandu was on our left, to the west. I saw the white of its walls, the dull, burning crimson of its roofs, and gold glittering on temple eaves and spires.

Now the car turned into a long drive, between two black obelisks covered with white stucco like icing sugar. There were soldiers at this gate in khaki, black caps and white puttees like my bodyguard. At once they waved us through.

The car drove on, following the bend of the trees, until it skirted the front of the royal palace. It was magnificent, but not as magnificent as Singha Durbar.

"Naran Hity Durbar," said Dr. Siddhimani, a little primly. "It has one thousand rooms, but His Majesty does not live in it. It's for official purposes only."

We stopped at last by an ordinary door in a white wall, and the doctor hurried me through it to a small anteroom.

For twenty minutes we waited in the bare, uninteresting chamber until a soldier came, his face impassive, bending his head over his hands, and saying nothing.

"Come, madam." The doctor was away again, beckoning me through a courtyard and through another door into a great garden. It was an unexpected mixture of fairyland and an English suburban garden. In addition to lamps hanging from the trees, a lotus pool and exotic flowers, there were hammocks on the grass and ridiculous little dwarfs and mushrooms made of plaster.

We were crossing the lake by a wooden bridge when the doctor stopped suddenly, his back bowing over his hands, and his voice hissing back at me. "Madam, we are approaching His Majesty."

I looked ahead and said: "*That* is the King?"

There was a little tea pavilion of grey stone at the end of the path, white columns supporting its angled roof, and it shone with light against the dark trees like a violet lantern. On the steps stood a slender figure, Nepali cap tilted forward over dark hair. I do not know what I had expected; perhaps somebody old, like the Prime Minister. Yet here was a young man who personified the handsome princes of Indian mythology —tall, erect and regal.

I ran forward to greet him, leaving the doctor still bent over his hands.

"Your Majesty, *namashkar*! I thought you would be an old man, but you are young and beautiful."

His face was in shadow, and I could not see if he smiled, but there was an amused delight in his voice. "*Namashkar!*" he said.

He took my hand firmly and led me into the pavilion, which contained a small room where five women were waiting in gold-bordered saris that glittered with sequins. Their faces were pale, their dark eyes large and soft.

I heard the King's high-pitched voice singing each name. "Her Majesty the Senior Queen, Kanti Raja Lakshmi . . . Her Majesty the Junior Queen, Ishwari Raja Lakshmi . . . Their Royal Highnesses, my daughters Nalani, Vijaya and Bharati."

From each to the other I went, bowing over my hands. "Your Majesty, *namashkar* . . . Your Majesty, *namashkar* . . . Your Royal Highnesses, *namashkar*. . . ." None answered me, but each watched me with a sad curiosity.

Then there was a silence in which the King, too, watched me, his shoulders drawn back in a defensive pose. I began to gabble nonsense. Dr. Siddhimani retired to a corner, or left the pavilion altogether; I do not remember. I faced the queens and spoke to the Senior Queen.

"Your Majesty, perhaps, speaks English?" I received no reply. I turned to the Junior Queen. "Your Majesty speaks English?" There was no reply.

To each of the princesses, to each still, lovely face I said: "Your Royal Highness speaks English?" Only from the girl named Bharati, the last to whom I spoke, did I get a reply.

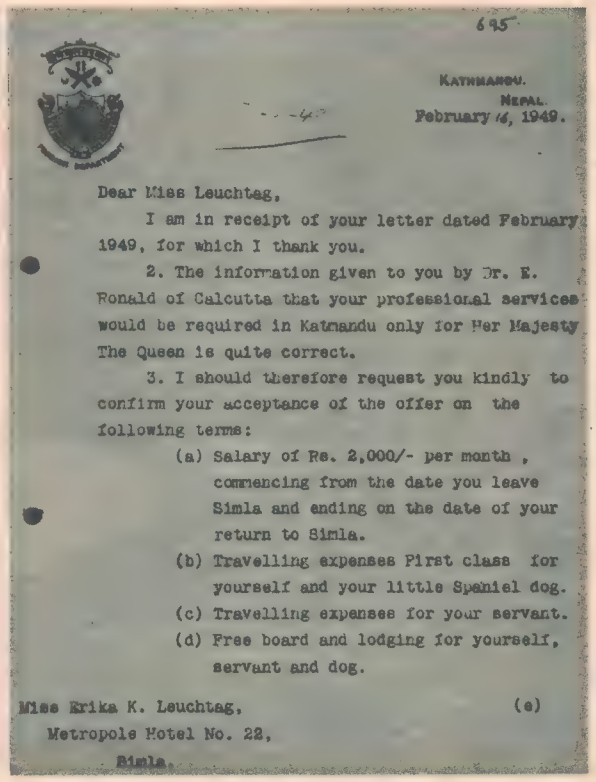
"Yes," she said in a faint, high voice. The word came out involuntarily, as if she could not stand any longer the strain of the silence which the King imposed on his family.

"Please, madam," said the King, "will you sit down?"

We sat together on the sofa, he on my right.

The King wore no jewels beyond a thick band of gold on one finger. His legs were slender in white jodhpurs, and he wore a beige European waistcoat and jacket. His nose was firm and

The Senior Queen was Erika Leuchtag's patient. Each day after treating her Erika gave dancing lessons to the King



695

KATHMANDU.
NEPAL.
February 16, 1949.

Dear Miss Leuchtag,

I am in receipt of your letter dated February 1949, for which I thank you.

2. The information given to you by Dr. E. Ronald of Calcutta that your professional services would be required in Katmandu only for Her Majesty The Queen is quite correct.

3. I should therefore request you kindly to confirm your acceptance of the offer on the following terms:

(a) Salary of Rs. 2,000/- per month, commencing from the date you leave Simla and ending on the date of your return to Simla.

(b) Travelling expenses First class for yourself and your little Spaniel dog.

(c) Travelling expenses for your servant.

(d) Free board and lodging for yourself, servant and dog.

Miss Erika K. Leuchtag, (a)
Metropole Hotel No. 22,
Simla.

Erika agreed to an urgent request to work in Nepal. Then she received a letter from the Foreign Department

The King's official palace (above) in Katmandu had a thousand rooms and vast grounds filled with exotic flowers. But the King and his queens lived in a smaller palace nearby—The Happy Cottage

straight, his brows plucked to two dark crescents above eyes that were inexpressibly sad.

He asked about my journey and my impressions of his country—questions which the Prime Minister had also asked, but he put them automatically, with none of the Prime Minister's sharpness of tone. It was as if he did not care to hear the answers.

I offered my little present to the Senior Queen. I had bought it in Simla and was ashamed of its poverty. In Simla in winter the bazaar is mostly closed, and there is little of worth that one can buy. But I had managed to find two slender flower vases of silver, and these I had wrapped as tastefully as I could.

They had been in my hands all this while, and now I offered them to the Senior Queen. Her eyes shone as she unwrapped the present. She held the vases up for the King to see, and turned to show them to the others. The King watched gently.

THERE was a great difference between the two queens, and I would not have believed, even had I known it then, that they were sisters. Their clothes, their jewels, the styles of their hair were identical, but seemed only to accentuate the difference between them. The Senior Queen was short with a round face and shining, birdlike eyes. Her hair, though dressed in the same fashion as her sister's, was fluffed about her face, making an indistinct frame. The Junior Queen, on the other hand, was tall and slim, with a beautiful figure subtly flattered by her sari. The expression of her eyes was detached and dreamlike.

The vases were passed from hand to hand among the princesses, and the King touched them once with his fingers, and then turned his head sharply toward me.

"Will you tell me what you will need for treating Her Majesty, madam?"

I said that I would need a table, and I handed him a drawing of it.

He took it without looking at it. "It will be made."

I said that I would need a mattress, a pillow, towels and olive oil.

"They will be ready tomorrow."

He stood up. The air in the little pavilion was hot and close, intoxicating with perfume.

"Please," said the King, placing the palms of his hands together, "may we go now?"

Dr. Siddhimani was at my side, hurrying me away, through the garden again, past the plaster mushrooms and the red-capped dwarfs, the black water of the lake and the green lotus leaves. . . .

I went to the palace next evening. The car called for me at six, when the heat of the day was cooling. I sat in the back with Peepchen and Ghorki, my bodyguard in front. This was how it was to be every time I went to the palace—the chauffeur, my bodyguard, Ghorki and Peepchen. I could not leave Peepchen alone at the guesthouse, but when I reached the palace I sent her home by road with Ghorki.

The chauffeur and bodyguard pulled their hats over their eyes and went to sleep in the car, until the time came for me to return.

I was not taken to the tea-pavilion that second evening, but, greeted by a lady-in-waiting in a sari, I was led beyond it to the door of the private palace.

Through this door I stepped into a heady atmosphere of sandalwood and incense. Yet I might have walked into the hall of an English country house. The sofa and chairs were western. Beside me was a hatstand covered with an assortment of topcoats, raincoats and tweed caps.

In the corner, walking sticks, umbrellas, fishing-rods and golf clubs sprouted from a tangle of sports shoes and roller-skates.

The King was waiting, his shoulders back and one foot outstretched, the expression of his face withdrawn behind a wing of hair.

The queens were beside him. Each wore a white flower in her hair above the right ear.

The greetings, the devout *namashkars*, over, the King turned on his heel and passed through a door in the right-hand corner of the hall. His queens followed him and I came last. We walked along a little corridor and entered a bathroom of pale blue. This, the King said, was the Senior Queen's bathroom, where she would receive my treatment, and where the equipment I had asked for was awaiting my inspection.

He stood back, his hand outstretched suddenly, like a child, asking approval of what he had prepared.

It was a large room, its door screened by a plastic curtain. Plastic was strange to me in 1949, and not something I had expected to find in Nepal. The bath was large, with glass panels that could be pulled forward so that water might not splash the thick rugs on the floor.

Between the bath and a low divan was the massage table that had been made for me overnight. It was high and moved smoothly on castors. The King was pleased when I said that it was more than adequate. He took a golden case from his pocket, opened it, and offered me an American cigarette.

He smoked deeply with the urgent intensity of an emotional man, taking the smoke far into his lungs and allowing it to linger there.

The smoke of our cigarettes was soon very thick.

I found the heat and the stifling perfume unbearable. I pointed to the window, high on the wall and tightly closed. "Your Majesty," I said, "I must open it."

I raised myself on my toes, lifting a leg to reach higher and unlatch the window.

Turning, I saw him staring at me curiously again. He said, dispassionately and without offence: "You have beautiful legs, madam."

I laughed. "Your Majesty, it comes from dancing."

His face brightened immediately. "You can dance, madam? Can you teach me?"

That this king could not dance surprised me—this king who smoked American cigarettes, who had a motor-cycle leaning against his palace wall, and who had the natural grace of a splendid animal.

"There has been nobody to teach me," he explained. "Will you?"

"With great pleasure, your Majesty."

"When, madam?"

"Now, if you wish."

"Then, come." When we got back to the hall, a portable gramophone was brought. It was a good gramophone and records had come with it. I examined disc after disc. They were all new, but of American swing, and without the floating rhythms needed for ballroom dancing. The King watched as I discarded them one by one until, at last, I found one by Victor Sylvester—"Peg O' My Heart." I held it up. "This will do," I said.

He took it from me. "Sylvester," he said. "I have a book of instructions written by him."

We were alone; the queens had not followed us to the hall. I asked: "Shall we begin, your Majesty?"

He had never danced a step before. I held out my arms and said that I would show him what to do. For all the grace of his carriage, the soft, cat-like spring of his walk, he was suddenly wooden. A European man might perhaps have smiled, covered his embarrassment with laughter; this king stood with arms out, gravely intent.

"You must put your hand here, your Majesty, on my spine. Press so that I may feel it, so I can lean on it. Keep your elbow up. See, my head must look over your shoulder and your knees touch mine. . . ."

WE played that slow foxtrot again and again, and I saw that it was useless. I looked at the rugs on the floor. I broke away from him, rolled them up and tossed them into a corner. It was still no good. Then I looked down at the thick crêpe soles of the black shoes he was wearing. "You cannot dance in those," I said. "Take them off, and we'll try our bare feet."

We took off our shoes and placed them by the wall. I showed him how to feel my feet so that they might guide his own steps, and thus we danced, for an hour, for two hours, or it may have been more, while the sun set and the curfew gun boomed far away unheard, and the lights were lit in the hall.

The evening ended abruptly. He broke away from me, and lifted the needle from the record. He put his hands together before his face. "Madam, may I go, please?"

I was driven back to Tripureswar with a clouded mind. I had a desire to laugh at this odd way of giving treatment to a Nepalese queen. Then suddenly I was filled with a great sadness and could think of no reason for it.

I went to the palace again the next evening to begin my treatment of the Senior Queen, and to dance again with the King. Thus it was day after day, and thus began my devotion to the royal family, to the palace—which they called The Happy Cottage—and to the whole of Nepal.

After the first week the King was curious about the treatment I was giving the Senior Queen. He asked me for details, listening to my replies gravely. Then he was silent for some while. He looked up at me and said: "You must give me treatment, too."

He had the figure of an athlete. I said: "You, your Majesty? You do not need my treatment."

He drew up his head. "You do not understand. It is necessary for me to be fit. You will give me treatment."

When I called the next evening he was waiting for me in the Senior Queen's bathroom. He stood erect by the treatment table, wearing a bottle-green dressing-gown, with his initial—T—embroidered in white on the pocket.

He took off the dressing-gown. Beneath it he wore black and white bathing trunks. His body was superbly muscled. Around the biceps of his right arm writhed a golden snake, its head a milky moonstone. From his throat hung amulets, strung to threads of gold and emeralds. And from neck to ankle he was tattooed, the intricate patterns combining on his chest, thighs and shoulders to form ferns, flowers and the outstretched beauty of peacock's feathers.

From the beginning, from that first evening in the tea-pavilion, I think I sensed that something was terribly wrong, not only with this pale-skinned king but with his people, among whom, I discovered, he was scarcely more than a name. It was a restless feeling, yet I could not bluntly speak of it to him. It was he who gave me the opportunity, within two weeks of my arrival.

We had danced, and were walking alone in the garden. We stopped by the water and he put his hand into his pocket, withdrew it and placed something in my hand. He said: "It is a present for you, Miss Erika."

It was a bracelet, cunningly and beautifully wrought in gold. He gave it to me with such simple affection that I could find nothing to say, and could only *namashkar* humbly, touching his feet in the devout custom of his people. He raised me and, still holding my hand, walked with me along the lake. He had, perhaps intentionally, broken one of the barriers that he had built about himself, and I began to speak of the things that were disturbing me.

"Your Majesty," I said. "There is something wrong with this country. I don't know what it is, but I feel it."

"How do you know?"

"I cannot explain it, but there are small things. This bodyguard who lives at my gate. He has not been put there to protect me, but to watch me. Why?"

"I did not order it," he said.

"There is something else. I have never seen so many poor people as I have seen here, so many diseased and maimed."

"Is this so?" he asked sadly.

"Don't you know, your Majesty? Is there nothing to be done for them?"

"There is nothing I can do," he said. His voice was cold.

I learned the truth slowly, some of it from the King in the weeks that followed, and some of it by keeping my eyes and ears open.

NEXT WEEK: I dine with the King—and plot to set him free

Erika Leuchtag's story will be published as a book by Hutchinson on August 25 at 18s. It will be called "With A King In The Clouds"

© Erika Leuchtag, 1958

Mae Bamber gave a baby alligator to 72 Squadron, R.A.F., as a mascot. "My year has been deliberately hectic," she says

Call me Mr. Mayor

by MAE BAMBER

My dreams came true as No. 1 Citizen of my town. I've played soccer, driven a jeep—and danced rock 'n' roll

UNTIL that knock on my front door almost exactly a year ago I thought, like most housewives, that a woman's only hope of recognition in this man's world was to become a TV panellist or a film discovery. Then I opened the door—and there was a deputation from Southport Borough Council, come to invite me to be the town's next mayor.

Soon afterwards, on May 21, 1957, I put on my scarlet robe of office, lined with white satin and trimmed with velvet and sable, and became the Lancashire seaside resort's First Citizen. With the title came a chauffeur-driven limousine, a mace-bearer, a private secretary, an address "c/o the Town Hall" and a telegram from comedian Arthur Askey, an old friend, offering his services as mayoress.

Since then I have kicked-off a football match, performed a wine-tasting ceremony, judged beauty contests and had my own photograph in a glamour girl magazine. I have driven a scooter round a trade fair and an army jeep through Sherwood Forest, had a street named after me and a calypso dedicated to me, caused something of a fashion controversy when entertained at London's Mansion House and have been given V.I.P. treatment on civic visits to towns and cities all over the country.

My term of office has been deliberately hectic. From the beginning I have been out to show that there can be a big advantage in having a woman mayor. As a housewife with a husband at the office all day and no family to look after, I was able to be a full-time mayor. Few men can afford to shelve their careers for an entire year to do that.

My husband Richard was too occupied with his car-sales business to be my official escort. So, politely refusing Arthur Askey's kind offer, I decided to recognize the work of public-spirited women in the town by choosing a different mayoress-for-the-day whenever I needed a companion. Even then the Askey family got into the act. Arthur's sister Renee qualified as one of my mayoresses through her work in organizing entertainment for the forces in Southport.

I soon discovered that life in the mayor's parlour has all the domestic and social chores of running a home—on a larger scale. Where I once entertained a neighbour or two to elevenses, I now have whole organizations trooping in to take morning coffee. A stream of individual visitors throughout the day ranges from the Lord Lieutenant of Lancashire, Lord Derby, to comedienne Tessie O'Shea; from an African Boy Scout to a Canadian polio victim cycling round the world.

A dress-fitting has to be sandwiched between presenting long-service awards to National Savings workers and welcoming a group of Persian civil servants. I hunt for a new pair of evening gloves on the way to lunch with an old people's club. A hair appointment is squeezed into an odd hour after a corporation committee meeting and before a business men's dinner.

With that sort of schedule it is no wonder that things sometimes go wrong. On the way to a church service I found that I had forgotten to take a pair of white gloves, which the occasion demanded. William Durno, my mace-bearer, gave me his gloves. Even with the fingers tucked in they were much too big and I made my appearance in church with my hands hidden, Oriental-fashion, in the sleeves of my robe.

Durno also came to the rescue when my chain of office snapped during the buffet interval at a big dance I was attending. I was sitting at a corner table and slipped the chain into Durno's hat. He went out and, although it was late on a Saturday night, roused a nearby jeweller. The chain was repaired within fifteen minutes and before the interval was over Durno had unobtrusively returned to my side and the chain was back round my neck.

I cannot pretend that the arrival of the borough council deputation at my home that night last year came as a surprise to me. There had been well-informed rumours that, after eight years' service as a councillor, it was my turn for the mayoralty—that for only the third time in Southport's history the office would be held by a woman.

But I was surprised at the power of the Aladdin's Lamp which seems to be hidden in a mayor's parlour. I have always wanted to see and do things for myself. As a housewife I could only dream about my pet ambitions. As mayor I was able to do something about them.

Last autumn my chain of office gained me a trip in a sand yacht, which Millet Denning, a Hampstead man, was testing on Southport beaches. As the weird vehicle began to flap across the sands, I was relieved that a light breeze kept the speed down to only walking pace. "Pity it's not a rougher day," said Denning after our ride. "We might have had a shot at my world record of fifty-seven miles an hour."

Attending a first-night performance at a theatre, I was able to go backstage and ring up the curtain for the second act. I operated a spotlight at an ice show. When four youth club leaders escorted me to the opening of a new ballroom I clapped hands to a skiffle routine and then had a hectic rock 'n' roll session.

In my year of office I have tried to bring a woman's touch to the town hall. I soon had an old bench removed from the vestibule and replaced by two comfortable chairs, with flowers on a table and two stands. The housewife in me keeps a close check on the mayoral table linen and supervises the cleaning of the corporation silver.

Mayors usually present a painting or a piece of furniture to the town to mark their term of office. My gift has been to fit out a glamorous powder-room off the mayor's parlour. The room, for the use of all future women mayors and mayoresses, has pink, gold and white-striped wallpaper, a star-spangled pink ceiling, a rose-coloured carpet and a glass-topped dressing-table.

When I became mayor I was offered the round hat of corded silk adopted by Miss Christiana Hartley, Southport's first woman mayor, thirty-six years before. But it was not feminine enough for me and I designed a gold-braided tricorne. I had six tricornes made to match each of the formal suits I bought, in black, beige, red, green and two shades of blue. Into my wardrobe with

Continued on page 42

After climbing eighty feet up a fireman's ladder in a rough wind Mrs. Bamber was told that a man once fell to his death in similar conditions

Cedric rushed at his uncle and seized both ends of his moustache. "Cedric, darling," said his mother. "Let go immediately . . . and shake hands"

best will in the world, one could not but wish to combine some slight note of congratulation with the conventional condolences.

George's reply was typical. "How kind of you to write," he said, and went on to explain that in effect he was still only heir-presumptive. Mary Wessex might yet have a child.

And, in the spring of 1942, the front page of *The Times* announced: "Wessex. On April 3, 1942, at Cretton Hall, to Mary, Duchess of Wessex—a son."

This time I didn't write. What on earth could I have said?

For the next five years or so I only got intermittent news of George: it wasn't until some time after the war—in the autumn of 1948—that I met him again. And by that time he had grown a heavy, drooping moustache which accentuated the benevolence of his appearance. It made him look as gentle and kind as a Landseer lion.

We had luncheon together at his club, and he suggested that I should drive down with him to Cretton and spend a few days there. He telephoned his sister-in-law to say he was bringing me, and at about half-past two we set off.

"It'll be very quiet, you know," said George. "The house is being used as a hospital and Mary has just kept a few rooms for herself and the boy. I'm so awfully glad," and there was no mistaking his sincerity, "she's got that boy. Such a dear little chap; he's about six now. . . ."

I suppose I had seen photographs of Cretton before, but I certainly hadn't realized either how lovely or how large it was. On the right of the drive by which we approached it, the park sloped gently upwards to a knoll with a late eighteenth-century folly on the summit. On the left lay this glorious dark red house with the lake shimmering beyond.

The car crunched over the gravel to the steps; an aged man in a tailcoat and a frayed collar took our suitcases, and we went in by that wonderful Inigo Jones front door. The aged man, whose name was Brock, said that Her Grace would be back any minute now. He took us up to our rooms and left us.

Presently I pottered downstairs to the library, where I found George and his sister-in-law, and Brock bringing tea. George introduced me.

Brock drew the curtains, and something very like perfect peace descended on us. After all those years of Nissen huts and grimy little billets and slit trenches, it was profoundly satisfying to relax and just let the sumptuousness seep in.

A particularly good set of busts of emperors looked down at us from the tops of the bookcases; firelight from a wood fire twinkled in the silver of the teatray; there was hot toast and farm butter and home-made black cherry jam; and a slight smell of vellum, Turkish tobacco and late roses.

Into this haven of tranquillity there suddenly burst Cedric, poor Eddie's posthumous son and heir. He wore a Red Indian head-dress; he left the door open; he caught his foot in the wire of a standard lamp and brought it crashing to the ground. Then, catching George (ever a slow mover) completely unawares, he seized hold of both ends of his moustache.

"Cedric darling," said his mother, "let go immediately. Kiss your Uncle George and then come and shake hands properly."

But Cedric didn't let go.

Now anybody who has ever had a large moustache, and has had to submit to its being pulled with violence, will know how painful that can be. George must have

Dear old George

by ***ANDREW GRAHAM***

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DITTON

A kinder chap I've never met . . . though I must admit that as heir to a very rich duke he certainly acted sinisterly

On returning to England after living for some years abroad, it has shocked me very much to hear the uncharitable and ill-informed things which are being said about poor George Wessex. And I feel strongly that now he is dead, the last of a most noble line, it's time that somebody made the facts known. There is no need for me to embroider them: they are odd enough as they stand.

George, it will be remembered, was the younger twin son of the third Duke of Wessex, and spent most of his essentially benevolent life as heir-presumptive to his brother Edmund.

I never met Eddie Wessex—as he was known to his friends and to those who claimed acquaintance with him—but it would have been hardly possible in the inter-war years to have been unconscious of his existence. *The Tatler* doted on him. He was all that a dashing young duke should be, and did all that a dashing young duke should do.

Pages of it there used to be. "Twenty-first birthday party at Cretton. The Duke of Wessex comes of age"; and there followed a series of shiny photographs of slightly equine girls, and young men mostly with white ties a little awry, against a background of superb Kent chimneypieces, Mortlake tapestry, Gainsborough portraits, Chippendale tables, major paintings by Poussin—in fact all the splendid appurtenances of one of the noblest country houses in England.

I don't suppose I should ever have touched even the fringe of all this splendour if it hadn't been for the fact that, in the summer of 1939, George Eyston-Heysham, Eddie Wessex's younger twin brother and I both joined the same yeomanry regiment at the same time at their annual camp on Salisbury Plain. We shared a bell tent; it rained a great deal; we were both lamentably ignorant of the military life, and we got to know each other very well indeed.

I've never known a kinder man than George. In a slow, very endearing way—he had a jowly, puddingy sort of face—he bumbled through life; always, in moments of doubt, applying the criterion: what would be the *kindest* thing to do?

Lying on our camp beds with the rain tapping on the canvas above us, he used to speak of Cretton, which he obviously loved very much; and I couldn't help thinking what appallingly bad luck it was for George to have been born the younger twin; to have missed being one of the most superbly endowed of Englishmen by—so to speak—a few minutes.

I don't know whether he ever thought about it. Surely he must have done so sometimes; especially as his brother's marriage had not been blessed with children and he was therefore still heir-presumptive to the dukedom.

When war broke out, George and I were posted to different parts of the country and for a time I saw him no more. But we used occasionally to exchange letters, and I was always glad to see his painstaking, rather childlike handwriting.

I had an extraordinary case the other day. One of my sergeants told me he had put a girl "in the family way," and what did I advise? I told him I thought the kindest thing to do was to marry her. D'you think I was right?

Then one morning, looking at a much-thumbed copy of *The Times*, I suddenly saw on the front page that Edmund, fourth Duke of Wessex, had been killed on active service.

I wrote to George. It wasn't easy. Those letters never are; but this was especially difficult as, with the

At Scott Base Fuchs said of his plans: "I believe in clearing up one mess before starting another"

The man behind

A lonely heart travels the world in search of adventure. Behind come willing disciples who follow blindly—anywhere

THE conditions for the Commonwealth Trans-Antarctic Expedition's advance party were just about the worst imaginable. For nine months from January to October, 1956, in winter temperatures touching ninety degrees of frost, the eight men lived in a twenty-foot by nine-foot packing-case, cooking over a primus and huddling over a tiny oil-stove for warmth.

At night they crept out into the bitter cold, shovelled up to three feet of snow off their tents and forced themselves into frozen sleeping-bags. Every time they moved a shower of ice-crystals seared their faces.

Naturally they were almost desperate for news. But when they scanned the radio messages sent out from London by Vivian Fuchs, leader of the Expedition proper, they found scarcely a word beyond routine greetings and technical items. "We wanted to know how the preparations were going and if the public appeal had been a success," says a member of the advance party, "but Fuchs never mentioned these things. In the end we asked if we could have a monthly news letter. For a while we got more news. But it soon dropped off again."

Looking back, he comments: "It's not that Fuchs *won't* tell you anything. It's just that it doesn't occur to him that you could possibly want to know."

Vivian Ernest Fuchs has been leading parties of exploration for more than twenty years. His men have found in him nearly every quality required in a leader except that of keeping them informed. Dr. Rainer Goldsmith, another member of the advance party, says: "Rumours circulate and he doesn't bother to confirm or deny them. He has no emotions himself and he doesn't understand that other people may have them."

The lack of information among a tiny band of men living intimately together may seem at times difficult to believe. When Fuchs's party arrived at the South Pole, reporters asked his companions whether they would continue their journey to Scott Base. They said that they would. They were next asked when they thought they might get there. They said: "We can't answer ourselves."

They knew that Hillary had already surveyed the route and also that the Antarctic winter clamped down in mid-March. Fuchs at least must have had some date in mind. Dr. Goldsmith says: "It looked to me as if he had just not told them."

Fuchs has been even more reticent with the press. When he and Hillary were both approaching the Pole, they regularly radioed their positions to the American base which had the job of rescuing them if they got into difficulties. Lieutenant Vernon Houk, the officer commanding, passed on these positions to a British reporter. One day he received a message from Fuchs's headquarters demanding that he should stop.

Worried, Houk radioed Admiral George Dufek, commander of the American expedition, for instructions. Dufek replied: "It is not my policy to withhold non-classified information from the press. Request you inform Dr. Fuchs and Sir Edmund Hillary not to send information to American stations which they do not wish to be made available to the press."

The Americans were not at all pleased when Fuchs started to send in code messages which he

---

Continued from previous page

suffered agony. Then Cedric turned his attention to me.

"Who are you?" he said.

I explained.

After dinner that night Mary got a telephone call from her mother, who lived about thirty miles away.

"I don't think it's anything serious," said Mary. "She says she's got a temperature of just over a hundred, so I said I'd go over tomorrow and see her. I think I'll take my things, then I can stay the night if I want to."

Mary apologized sweetly to me, then said: "But anyhow you'll be here when I come back. It's awfully simple, I'm afraid, but do stay as long as you like."

That left George and me with Cedric. . . .

After breakfast Mary drove herself away in her little car, and George and I stood and waved to her from the front door.

As we turned to go in, there was a deluge of water from above and a bucket crashed on to the steps. From the nursery window on the third floor a small face looked out.

"Got 'em," it said, and withdrew.

So we went and changed.

Then we set out for what would have been a very pleasant stroll, if it had not been for the presence of this egregious child. We looked in at the kitchen gardens—twelve acres of them. Cedric managed to push over a heavy flower-pot so that it fell into a cold frame—but it only broke three lights. He tripped me up, astutely, with a rake-handle, so that I fell into a bed of prickly artichokes. And he pulled the tail of the head-gardener's cat till—I am delighted to say—it turned and scratched him.

Then we went on to the home farm.

"I'm going to chase that gobble-gobble," said Cedric.

"Oh, I say," said George. "I wouldn't do that, would you?"

But he did.

Then he found a pen of calves. They couldn't get away, the pen was small, and a child of four with a long stick could make them suffer quite a bit.

Luncheon passed off relatively smoothly. Cedric had a go at the table-cloth (I wondered why they had one, in the circumstances), but only succeeded in upsetting a good deal of salt and breaking the liner of a George I mustard pot.

He also tried to pull the chair away as his nurse was sitting down, but she spotted it in time.

Any remonstrance from her produced exactly the opposite effect to that which was intended. Thus: "Eat up your peach, dear," resulted in a superb fruit, which she had just peeled and cut up, being left untouched on the plate; and "Don't wipe your face with your hand," brought both hands immediately into play.

I cannot imagine how that poor woman stuck it. It was a heavy price to pay for a ducal reference.

After luncheon Cedric retired to rest. As we sat drinking coffee in the library we could hear him resting three floors above.

"What would you like to do this afternoon?" said George; and I said that, if it wouldn't be too boring, I should like to go and look at the folly on the hill opposite the front of the house.

So up we went, gently and slowly, through the pale September sunshine, and eventually arrived at the sham castle at the top of the hill. It was a handsome specimen of its kind, built in about 1800 in the Gothic style.

"One of the oddest things about it," said George, "—I don't know whether it's intentional or not—is the echo you get off the house."

"Hallo," he shouted solemnly and, "Hallo," the house solemnly replied.

An echo may be childish fun, but it is great fun for all that, and I made the great house say a series of the most improbable things. The fidelity was almost unbelievable.

And then, just as I was rather enjoying myself, Cedric appeared. He had followed us without our seeing him.

"Come on, Cedric," said George, "you have a go. Shout anything you like."

The child was mute.

"Don't you want to try?" said

the legend

wanted relayed to Hillary. This reticence is part of a fundamental aloofness which has often been to his advantage as a leader. The nickname "Poppa" which one expedition gave him indicates the mixture of affection and respect in which he is held. His power of being able to think logically and unemotionally enables him to turn to advantage situations which would merely make other men fret.

During a prewar African expedition floods marooned him in his camp. He was completely unmoved. "The enforced lengthening of our stay," he wrote later, "enabled us to do additional work, in particular the collection of zoological and botanical material, as the coming of the rains had brought out large numbers of new specimens."

In 1949 he was leader of a party of scientists working from the isolated Graham Land base of Stonington Island. Many of them had already been there for two years, and when a message came from the relief-ship John Biscoe that it was unable to break through the ice, they knew they would have to spend at least another twelve months in the Antarctic.

That night Fuchs joined them in a commiseration party. Next morning he called them together and outlined a closely detailed programme of the following twelve months' work. Anticipating what would happen, he had been secretly working on it for days.

Many men who have served under him regard Fuchs as infallible. They seriously believe that he is without faults. Surgeon Lieutenant-Commander David Dalgleish, O.B.E., says: "People who do criticize him are merely expressing their own shortcomings."

The ability to inspire extreme devotion is the basis of his discipline. One member of the team which went out on the Magga Dan strained his back during loading and was ordered to his bunk for three days. The ship sailed and when he got up, Fuchs told him: "I don't want to see you lifting anything for a while yet."

Being young and enthusiastic, he helped with some routine work the very next day. Fuchs saw him and called him aside. The young man says: "He didn't blast me. He pointed out that there was no doctor on board and that if I had to spend the rest of the time on my back, I should be a liability to the expedition. He made me feel objectively that I'd done something foolish."

He feels so strongly that he let Fuchs down that even now, more than a year later, he blushes when he talks of the incident.

In the field Fuchs is a strong leader. Knowing that he has had vastly more experience than his men, he will not tolerate arguments about his decisions. In Graham Land a party away from camp sent back a long report and towards the end suggested a modification in plan. Fuchs snapped back: "Your penultimate paragraph not appreciated."

Differences were forgotten when Fuchs met Hillary (left) at the Pole. Later they seemed to be avoiding each other

At such times he feels betrayed. Hence the tartness of his reply when Hillary, whom he regarded as completely inexperienced, suggested that he should abandon the trans-Antarctic trip and fly out from the Pole. After coldly rejecting the suggestion, Fuchs added: "I do not feel able to ask him to join us at Depot 700 to use his local knowledge but will find our own way out." After their initial greetings at the Pole, correspondents noticed that they avoided each other.

Physically, Fuchs looks the part of a leader. He is six feet tall and well-made. He has strong brown hair, blue eyes and thick, bushy eyebrows. At fifty he is in fine condition, moves briskly, even when carrying a heavy suitcase to the station, and still retains much of his agility. Just before leaving Britain he surprised a guest by pointing at a high-backed settee and saying: "Can you do a standing jump over that?" The guest, a vigorous young man, said "No," was told to try and fell heavily. Fuchs cleared it without apparent effort.

He has never flinched from personal danger. In Graham Land one of his dogs fell down a crevasse. Using a sledge as a bridge, he tied ropes to the runners and climbed down to the ledge, twenty feet below, on which the dog was resting. Although the icicles above him—thicker than a man's body at their base—were in imminent danger of breaking off, he calmly fixed a rope round the dog's harness and waited while his companions hauled it up.

He has an outsize sense of adventure. "He must have something of the overgrown Boy Scout in him," says Dr. Goldsmith.

At the end of a particularly harassing trip to East Africa before the war, he decided that going home by ship was too easy. Instead he drove home through the Belgian Congo, Nigeria, the Sahara, Spain and France in an old lorry.

But he is also a scientist. Although he has wanted to make the Antarctic crossing since his teens, he insisted that he would not be justified in using public money unless he also had a scientific programme. As it is, his seismic soundings at intervals of thirty miles will give the first profile of the ice that lies over the Antarctic.

A fellow scientist said recently: "He's a jolly good steady slogger. Nobody would say he was outstandingly clever." A friend added: "He's the sort of chap who watches the failure of his 450th experiment without turning a hair and immediately starts on the 451st."

Such doggedness explains much of the success

Continued on next page

George. "Shout. You can shout anything."

The child remained dead silent; and over dear George's benevolent Landseer lion face there came, slowly, a look as of revelation.

He had discovered "the kindest thing to do" with Cedric.

He had at least realized that the child's automatic reaction was to do the opposite to anything that was suggested. Once that principle was accepted, the rest was relatively easy.

George tried a few elementary exercises first. "Look at that lovely pheasant," he said, pointing at a proud old cock bird strutting about on the slope below us.

Deliberately Cedric turned his back on it and stared in the opposite direction.

"Come on, let's all race round that tree stump."

George loped off, and loyally I puffed along behind him.

Cedric sat down on the wet grass and waited for our return.

"Well," said George when he had got back his breath, "we're going on. Come with us, Cedric."

In an instant we were alone. . . .

George didn't say much during the rest of our walk. I can only suppose he was slowly turning over his great discovery in his mind.

When we returned to the house we found that Mary had telephoned to say she was going to spend the night at her mother's, and would be back tomorrow afternoon.

Again we had tea in that delectable library, and afterwards Cedric joined us.

"Come and pull my moustache," said George, quickly for him; and the child, with both hands raised to repeat yesterday's performance, immediately desisted.

George then put a large picture-book on the table in front of Cedric.

"What's that for?" said the child.

"Not for you," said George. "Don't you dare touch it."

For the next half-hour Cedric slowly turned the pages. . . .

Next day George and I were out all the morning and, when we came in, we found that Cedric and his nurse had already started luncheon, or, more accurately, had sat down behind large helpings of fish-pie. The nurse was almost at her wits' end as the child refused to eat a mouthful.

George looked benevolently at his nephew. "Leave that fish-pie alone," he said; and five minutes later the child had scraped the platter clean.

Slowly, after luncheon, George and I mounted the hill again, pausing every now and then to look back at the incomparable loveliness of the great house and the lake and the park and the avenue behind us.

When we reached the folly at the top we paused and, away on the left, hidden from time to time by trees, we could see Mary's little car approaching up the drive.

What George did not immediately see was that as the car drew up at the steps to the front door, Cedric started climbing out through the nursery window, three floors above, and waving excitedly at his mother. We were too far away to hear them, but we could see Mary gesticulating wildly and presumably telling him at all costs to go in again.

By now Cedric, a bizarre figure in a Red Indian head-dress, looking very small against that vast and superbly proportioned dark red façade, was standing on the sill outside the window.

He leaned forward slightly, like a diver on a springboard, as if he were calculating just how far there was to fall.

He raised himself on his toes, as if he were about to jump, and again we could see Mary's frenzied gesticulations.

Again, he leaned slightly forward.

Suddenly from beside me I heard George bellowing like a bull.

"Jump, Cedric, jump!" he shouted.

"Jump!" the great house solemnly replied.

Whether Cedric heard or not will never be known because, at that moment, he jumped. And that is the *true* story of how George became sixth Duke of Wessex. THE END

© *Andrew Graham, 1958*

of the recent expedition. In the early days he came across country where chasms big enough to gulp down a London bus gaped every few yards. Many of them were concealed under a thin covering of snow and he had to sink five-foot probes into the ground every one to three feet.

At such times his ability to keep his men working happily together pays well. He chose each for his capacity to stand up to the special strains of Polar life and leaves each to do his own job without interference. He calls them by their Christian names; they call him "Bunny," a nickname which he picked up in prep-school.

He knows that he has no gift for spontaneous human contact and tries to make up for it. When he hired a new secretary he handed her his diaries. "Read them so that you can find out what sort of person I am," he said. He joins vigorously in parties and makes a point of finding out his men's hobbies. He then takes an interest in them himself so that they will have something in common.

Before leaving for the Antarctic he left instructions with his London staff that a weekly news letter giving the latest available information was to be sent to the men's relatives. Presents and cards, left by the men, were to be forwarded on birthdays and at Christmas. He stressed the fact that morale in the field depended on the men knowing that their families were being looked after.

Fuchs's conservatism, his love of Empire and his public-school accent have led people to describe him as "more English than the English." The only thing foreign about him is his name. His father was a Thuringian German who emigrated to England at the age of seven and became a prosperous farmer in Kent. He educated his son at Brighton College and St. John's College, Cambridge.

Fuchs threw himself enthusiastically into undergraduate life. He played rugger for his college; he tested cars for a local garage; he joined parties of geologists in exploring the Fens and North Wales at weekends and on vacation. "Whenever anything was happening," says Sir James Wordie, Master of St. John's, "Fuchs would be there."

In 1929 Wordie chose him as geologist for the University's East Greenland Expedition and took him up Petermann Peak, then the highest mountain ever climbed in the Arctic. "As we came down," says Wordie, "I pointed our ship out. He was terribly disappointed that he wasn't the first to see it."

Fuchs took a third in his Tripos. With such a result most men would have had to take a job, but Fuchs had private means and was able to join an expedition to the East African lakes. He quickly proved himself a competent field-worker, eager to embark on long walks to remote parts of the territory. "But he was also foolhardy," says a member of the expedition. "He thought things happened only to other people, not to himself."

Halfway through the expedition, he made a safari into territory where he knew relapsing fever was raging. Relapsing fever is transmitted by ticks which live in mud and can be avoided by taking simple precautions.

A few days after setting out Fuchs staggered back into camp with a bad attack of the disease. His comrades had to drive him a hundred miles to the nearest hospital, where he almost died. When he had recovered, it was time to return home. Angry at missing so much, he immediately joined an archaeological expedition to the same area.

Home once again, Fuchs married Miss Joyce Connell, a young woman who had made a lone journey round the world. They spent their honeymoon climbing in the Dolomites and it was there that he first told her of his ambition to cross the Antarctic. Shortly afterwards she joined him in an expedition he was leading to East Africa.

Fuchs's Lake Rudolf Expedition was marred by tragedy. Bedevilled by floods, it ended in the death of two of its members who were lost, presumed drowned, while crossing the notoriously turbulent lake in a collapsible wooden boat. But Fuchs had gathered enough material on this and previous expeditions for his thesis. He was awarded his Ph.D. in 1935.

Fuchs went on one more expedition to East Africa in 1937-38. Then war broke out and he joined the Cambridgeshire Regiment, with which he served in West Africa and Europe. In 1946 he was demobilized with the rank of major.

Almost immediately he was appointed leader of the Falkland Islands Dependencies Survey which had recently been set up by the British Government. The purpose was to establish bases and carry out scientific work on the Graham Land peninsula, to sustain Britain's long-standing claim to the area. This claim was then being challenged by the Argentine. In March, 1948, Fuchs took over the command of the southernmost base at Stonington Island.

His prime object was to survey the Graham Land coast north and south of the base. In training trips he learned sledging techniques; he learned all about two-man tenting where one man arranges the inside while the other fixes the guys and pickets; he learned to expect white-outs in which sledges tipped over every 150 yards and in which two miles was a good day's run.

He was also discovering the unpredictability of Antarctic conditions. On one trip his party had been delayed so much by the weather that after five hundred miles he had to ration the two dog teams to a pound of pemmican per dog per day. But they were weakening fast. In the whole five hundred miles they had sighted nothing worth shooting and it looked as though he would have to kill one team to feed the other.

Suddenly he saw eleven penguins strutting across the ice. He shot them and the food they provided made it no longer necessary to kill the dogs. It was typical of the Antarctic that they did not see another penguin during the remaining eight hundred miles of the journey.

One day Fuchs was sitting out a seemingly endless gale with his tent-mate Ray Adie when his old ambition came back to him: that of making the trans-Antarctic journey which had defeated Shackleton. Adie was a South African and it struck Fuchs that the expedition could also be a means of cementing the British Commonwealth. He would seek the support of every Commonwealth country.

When he came back home in 1950, as director of the F.I.D.S. scientific bureau, he started to work on the details. By the summer of 1953 he had drawn up a complete plan and a schedule of the equipment, fuel and depots he would need. He sent out copies to more than a hundred polar and scientific authorities.

Opposition was fierce. Some said that he would not be able to set up a base at Vahsel Bay and even if he did, he would never cross the continent. Others said that, from a scientific point of view, it would be better to make the crossing at right angles to his proposed course. Many thought there were better ways of spending money raised for Antarctic purposes. Others again shuddered at the possible disgrace if he had to be rescued by the Americans or even by the Russians.

But Fuchs felt that he had sufficient support to justify his putting the project before the Colonial Office. Churchill heard of the plan, liked it and unofficially promised £100,000 of government money. He also arranged for Fuchs to address the conference of Commonwealth prime ministers. As a result South Africa contributed £18,000, Australia £25,000 and New Zealand £50,000. Canada was already heavily committed in the Arctic.

Once the committee had been set up, Fuchs was chosen leader and seconded from F.I.D.S. to set up an office in Victoria Street.

Throughout the planning period Fuchs's brisk good humour set the tone. His F.I.D.S. secretary says that in four years she has never once seen him out of humour. A notice "Please wipe the snow off your boots" appeared on the office door.

But he was wasting no time. One member of the advance party says: "When I went to see him about something, he'd answer pleasantly but shortly. He gave the impression that there was a pile of stuff waiting in his 'In' tray." Though he left details to heads of departments, Fuchs saw carbons of every letter sent out. If he wished to take up a point, he wrote "Please speak" on the bottom so that his secretary could call in the writer.

Besides the money contributed by the Commonwealth governments the Expedition needed at least another £175,000. Exclusive news rights brought £10,000 from *The Times* and a reputed £30,000 from the B.B.C.; the rest had to be raised by public appeal. Although he loathed it, Fuchs ate big meals at banquets, made public speeches and gave interviews to the press.

But he could not overcome his distate for personal publicity. One children's magazine persuaded him to write a letter explaining the purposes of the expedition. When a director suggested that the letter should be issued as a signed leaflet and sold at a shilling for the expedition's funds, Fuchs refused. He said it would constitute publicity for himself and not for the expedition.

During this time he worked in his office from Monday to Friday, returning each night to a modest bed-sitting-room near Sloane Square. At weekends, even at the height of a crisis, he insisted on going home to Cambridge to dig his garden.

Fuchs's house has six bedrooms and is looked after by a couple who live in. The furniture is comfortable and traditional. In the lounge big armchairs flank the log fire. Fossils, an emperor penguin's egg and a fisherman's float jostle each other on the mantelpiece.

Though Fuchs dislikes large gatherings, he regularly entertains friends. He dragoons weekenders into chopping wood or digging the vegetable garden. But they also see his parlour tricks: skimming table-mats into an open drawer at the other side of the room, or holding up a cucumber and, with a single stroke of the knife, slicing off a piece and flicking it to his wife at the far end of the table.

Joyce Fuchs, a calm, sensible woman, is used to partings. In the twenty-four years of their married life she and her husband have spent more time apart than together. In the early days she used to occupy herself with the two children. Now, with twenty-two year old Hilary married and eighteen-year-old Peter at Sedbergh, she divides her time between local politics and their three-acre wooded garden.

"I have developed a 'departmented' mind," she said recently. "I keep my worry in a small compartment, trying not to let it interfere with my everyday life." But she does not mind being unable to pass messages to her husband. "He has far too much to do without letters from home."

Reserved and matter-of-fact, Fuchs has few interests outside his work and though he has accepted State aid for his expedition, he believes it scandalous that the State should subsidize the arts. He has no interest himself in music or painting and dislikes conversations not firmly based on fact.

His sense of humour is said to be "of the banana-skin variety." If anyone makes a witty remark, he rarely laughs but tries to think out the motives of the person who made it.

Nobody knows what Fuchs will do next. His position will not be an easy one. His fame as an explorer and his knighthood may make him too "big" for his back-room job with F.I.D.S. and, at fifty, he can hardly hope to lead many more expeditions. Luckily he has always been adept at extricating himself from predicaments.

In Africa he was chased by a wounded buffalo and, jumping up, was just able to grab the bough of a tree. Swinging, he looked round for something to thrust his legs against so that he could pull himself up out of reach. There was nothing. He was utterly defenceless.

Fuchs waited calmly for the buffalo to charge. As it came level, he twisted up his legs, pushed down on its head with both feet and scrambled into the safety of the tree. THE END

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

An exciting new serial of romance and terror in the depths of the earth—by

JOHN CHRISTOPHER

THE CAVES OF NIGHT

EXTRA

A complete book extract

FASTEST MAN ALIVE

The fantastic story of Frank K. Everest, the world's most spectacular test pilot

More Watneys Brown Ale!

Smooth and mellow, a Watneys Brown is a really good way to satisfy a good thirst. More people drink it than any other brown ale because it's brewed better by Watneys. Enjoy a glass of Watneys Brown Ale today. It's *good*.

AND TRY **WATNEYS HAMMERTON STOUT:** BREWED WITH OATMEAL AND GLUCOSE FOR ZEST.
WATNEYS DAIRYMAID STOUT: SWEET, SATISFYING, INEXPENSIVE.

WATNEYS PALE ALE: LIGHT, CLEAR, VERY REFRESHING.

IN SHORT

Ladder Of Success

When I was starting out, and young,
My foot was on the bottom rung,
And then, by standing on my toes
And straining hard, one step I rose.

So I was on my way. I lifted
My foot and thought myself quite gifted.
I bent my knee, I took a flier,
And there I was, up one rung higher.

Sometimes the chap above me stepped
Upon my hands. I nearly wept,
But using muscles, mind, and will,
I kept on climbing, climbing still.

Now that I'm almost up the ladder
I should, no doubt, be feeling gladder.
It *is* quite fine, the view and such,
If just it didn't shake so much.

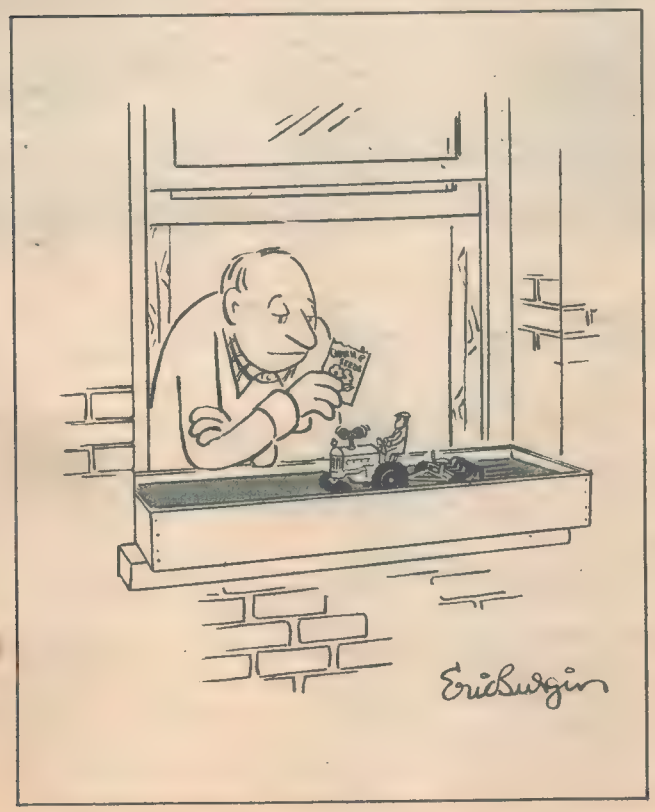
RICHARD ARMOUR

Just Published

An extraordinary feature of the character of Lord Derby, who died in February, 1948, after a long and distinguished career in politics, diplomacy and the turf, was that he never had a bet. This fact, so strange in a very great racing man and one who gave racing and shooting as his recreation in *Who's Who*, puzzled many people, including myself. But no explanations were ever forthcoming, so one day, to satisfy my curiosity, I asked him pointblank why he did not bet.

He told me that when he was a young officer in the Grenadier Guards he became deeply involved with moneylenders as a result of heavy losses on the Turf. He was being ruthlessly pressed on all sides and was desperate. He dared not tell his father, the sixteenth Earl, who, he believed, would not have extricated him from his difficulties. In his despair, Lord Derby raised many thousands of pounds to put on a horse as a last throw. Placing a revolver in his pocket, intending to blow out his brains if the horse did not win, he went on the course and saw it come home by a short head. He never made another bet.

Life's A Gamble, by Colonel the Hon. F. H. (Fred) Cripps. Published on March 24 by Odhams Press at 25s.



Starke's Guide To Good Manners

"It is a sign of ill-breeding to point with the finger. A person who points reveals himself unable to express his thoughts verbally"

Back To Bed

That's a funny dress.
It's my new evening gown.
Do you sleep in it?
No. It's for dancing.
Why isn't there a back in it?
They call it a backless one.
Would it cost more with a back?
No, of course it wouldn't. It's more attractive without.
Because you can see right through?
Yes.
Do you like people looking at your back?
I don't mind at a dance in the evening.
Doesn't it look too good during the day? I said doesn't it——
I don't know. Turn over and go to sleep now.
Do all ladies wear backless dresses to dance in?
If they've got nice backs.
How do they know what their backs look like? I said how do they know——
Maybe someone told them.
Have you got a nice back?
Yes. And Daddy told me. Now good night.
Why don't you wear that dress during the day then?
It would be too cold.
Don't you get cold at night?
Not if you dance. Dancing warms you up.
Does Daddy take off his shirt to dance, then? I said does Daddy take off his——

LIONEL DAVIDSON

Foreign Affairs

A Charleston, West Virginia, fireman placed a long plank from the bank of the Kanawha river to an ice floe in the water. Then he spent two hours trying in vain to coax a collie, stranded on the ice floe, to walk the plank to safety. Finally a mongrel was brought along to help. One bark from the mongrel and the collie walked ashore.

Denis Lake, a cook in the Australian Antarctic expedition at Macquarie Island, broke his dentures. The camp doctor filed down three seal's teeth and fitted them into the plate.

After a break-in at a local school, police in Louisville, Kentucky, chased a suspect down an alley. They caught the man when his trousers fell down and tripped him.

Other People's Letters

War is a natural condition of man. Whether war be good or bad is not in question: nor is the canon of rectitude whereby such niceties may be judged. But, for good or ill, to regard war as a temporary lapse from a normal condition of peace is to invert nature and to falsify history.

What major moment in the course of human culture has not had war for its background or its stimulus, is not rooted in contention? Is not the Parthenon a war memorial? And was not the whole movement of the Renaissance a marching and counter-marching of armies? That turbulence of the spirit which gives rise to masterpieces and major discovery is but a parcel of an unrest which finds equal expression in the call of the trumpet.

Peace and plenty, perhaps; but peace and poetry—where can you find them joined, save amongst the polite and little men . . . ?

Who wrote this letter? See foot of this column.

The Sailor

I asked him why it was traditional
For sailors first ashore to make their way
Straight to the nearest pub.
He said the Sea
Had that effect upon you when you found
Your feet on something that was stationary,
That didn't pitch and toss, it was the same
As, in reverse, the walking up a deck
Was to a landsman:
all a sailor did
Was get himself the way things sloped again,
Just as a landsman likes to see things straight.

WILLIAM CLARKE

The letter above was written in the Western Desert by Sir Mortimer Wheeler to Sir Cyril Fox on June 11, 1942.

Corcoran's the name

by ***OLAF RUHEN***

ILLUSTRATED BY SEABRIGHT

I was just a lonely kid—hell-bent on revenge against the toughest cattle thief in the outback

I WAS travelling by myself, four days out of Mataranka and heading east to the Queensland border, when I came upon this big camp in the mulga scrub at a place called Afghan Soak. There were twenty men there with three or four hundred horses; twenty travellers sitting down waiting for the flood waters to subside on the route ahead; waiting for the end of the wet.

I stopped a little way out of the camp and hobbled all my horses—the camp horse, the two pack horses, the four loose hacks and the one I had been riding, and the old blue roan that wasn't much use for anything now. I had started with the roan, got myself my first job droving for wages, and picked up the others, one or two at a time.

I'd been away from my brother's house eight months, but it wasn't time for me to go back yet. I was going to Queensland instead, now that I had some horses; and I was going to contract for droving some of the big mobs of cattle that would be moving soon to fattening country near the coast.

There was always work for a drover then, and

I jumped into the saddle and raced away. The next moment the whole camp was astir—and somebody started shooting

My horse pawed the ground as Keane said: "Now get out. Next time I'll take a rifle to you"

good money for him to earn. My brother wouldn't worry about me. He knew I could look after myself; he'd taught me that, and he was the only family I had.

I got all the horses hobbled, and I dropped the pack saddles and my riding saddle at the foot of a tree, and laid out my blanket roll where I would sleep. While I was doing it, there was a little fellow walking over to me, a nuggety, thick-set, friendly looking fellow, brown as a nut.

He held out his hand to me. "You're new around here, aren't you, young fellow?" he said. "I haven't seen you before. I'm Bill Marney."

I'd heard of Marney, of course. Who hadn't? He was the best bushman the north will ever see.

"Corcoran's the name," I told him. "Bob Corcoran—heading for Queensland. Hope to get some droving there. What are the chances of getting through?"

"None for a week anyway," he said. "You travelling alone?"

"I'm on my own," I nodded. I didn't tell him any more or I'd have sounded like a kid. I was sixteen years old and practically a man grown.

He said: "I saw you coming and brewed a pot of tea. Come over to my camp."

That was the first time I ever met Bill Marney. His camp was like all the others, just a blanket roll at the foot of a tree, a heap of firewood, a round covered pot for baking, an axe and a shovel for arranging the embers so he could do his cooking. But he had slashed down a couple of little blackheart trees and made a bough shelter against the wind the way the natives do, and his place looked real home-like.

I spent a lot of time there in the next three or four days and in the evenings half a dozen other fellows from round about would drop in. There was Mugs Riley, and Bullwaddie Bill, and Larry Keane, who was a vicious man with horses.

Keane I didn't like. A lot of rumours about him flew around. Some said outright that his business was stealing cattle, and some said worse. Keane himself gave nothing away.

The fourth day at Afghan Soak Bill Marney rooted through his saddlebags and brought out a couple of rolled-up kangaroo hides, a big one and a little one.

"It's a good day to do a little plaiting," he said. "What would you like for us to plait?"

I shook my head. "I don't know," I said.

"That bridle of yours looks near its end. Would you like for us to plait you a bridle?"

"You're doing the plaiting, Bill," I said. "It's your hide, and you know how. I don't know plaiting."

"Well, I'll show you how to plait a bridle," he decided. "Anybody should know how to fix a bridle or a whip on the trail."

He spread his hides upon the sand and squatted down beside them, with his tools laid out neatly on the little hide. The tools were nothing but broken hacksaw blades, ground and sharpened into knives, but it was as pretty as a picture to watch Bill use them. He'd hold the knife against the hide, turning the hide with his left hand, and from the shining point a sliver of leather coiled away easy and even, as narrow as a matchstick.

Well, at the end of the day he had this bridle, and it was all plaited, with not a touch of sewing anywhere. The head strap of the bridle was twenty strand, splitting to five bars in a fine plait; and it mated all the rest of the leatherwork, a five-bar, twenty-strand pattern that would add pride to a king's horse. I never saw plaiting like it, and never shall again.

When he had finished, Bill tossed it over to me as though it were nothing much.

"There she is," he said. "There's your bridle. She's all there, except for the rosettes. Keep it by you and put them on when you have a chance to get them. And buy good silver ones."

But I shook my head. I said: "You put them on, Bill. I'd be frightened of spoiling the job. And for another thing, I don't deserve to have it, and I haven't a horse fit to wear it."

Bill put his head on one side. "She's a good bridle," he allowed. "But there's nothing too good for a good man. She's yours, and a good horse won't be hard to come by. But leave it with me and I'll put the rosettes on when I get them. . . ."

It was good there, sitting in the mulga at that camp at Afghan Soak. At night there were the noises of the horses, the chink of hobble chains, and the horse bells far off. And in the mornings was a chorus of birds, with the butcherbirds singing the solos and all the thousand birds of the plains in a great choir.

But we got restless and, after I had been there about a week, Keane and his mate, Snow Daley, rode into Mataranka for supplies. Just about every second team of men in the camp gave them a pack horse and an order to take with them. I didn't. I was well up on flour and tea and sugar. I had a little canned goods, and I was short on money.

After they had been gone three days, Bill said to me: "Looks like the end of the wet, boy. We'll be getting ready to move on any day."

That night pretty near everybody was restless. Keane and Daley, they said, would hit the rum for sure in Mataranka; sending them back had been a big mistake. Some were for going to join them and collect their gear; others told them that if they did they'd probably hit the rum themselves and lose another week.

"Send the lad," said somebody else.

The big fellow they called Bullwaddie Bill came over to me. "Do you drink, lad?" he asked.

I said I didn't.

"You're the one, then," he said. "Saddle a horse, get back to 'Ranka, load all those packs and bring them back. If Keane and Daley are ready to come, come with them. Otherwise just leave them to drink themselves broke."

"Maybe I'll see you when you come back," Bill Marney said. "If I've moved on, I'll leave the bridle for you at Mac's Place, along the road. He'll sell me the rosettes, and I'll fix them for you."

"Well, thanks, Bill," I said. "This way I'll feel that I'm doing something to earn it."

I never saw Marney again for years, though I thought a lot about him, and heard news of him in dozens of camps. He went up round the Gulf way, mustering wild cattle for himself, and I didn't cross his tracks.

When I got to Mataranka, Keane and Daley were in the hotel. They were pretty drunk, they didn't want to leave, and Keane turned nasty. The pack saddles were by the store veranda, and the storekeeper had all the orders ready waiting to be loaded. So, early next morning, I rounded up the pack horses, saddled and loaded them, and started to drive them back to Afghan Soak. The country was full of feed and the horses stayed close to the night camps, so I made an easy forty-five miles a day.

Keane and Daley rode into the Soak camp a couple of hours after me, and they were sore. Keane rode straight over and bawled me out for taking the pack horses without waiting for him.

A fellow called Rafty intervened. "Lay off it, Keane," he said. "You wouldn't have been back this day week but for the lad. . . ."

Everybody that wasn't waiting for a pack horse had already hit the Queensland trail, and all the rest were anxious to get started. I waited till they'd all gone. I wanted to travel by myself, and I didn't want Keane behind me. He and Daley were the last to leave, so I camped until next morning and took it easy. I camped at lunchtime every day, and took three days to Mac's Place.

The big crowd using the trail had softened the muddy ground still more, and the maze of footprints made it look like a main road. I did notice one thing, and that was that the last men through had had raging thirsts. That would be Keane and Daley. Several times there would be an old camp site beside the trail, with a couple of empty, half-rusted tins. They had had rainwater in them until recently, but somebody had picked them up, drunk the water, and thrown the tins down again, so that they would be lying across recent tracks.

Mac's Place was a collection of three or four slab huts beside a water hole, a mile-long stretch of river that had never been known to dry up. The biggest of the huts had two rooms—a big room for living in and a lock-up room where Mac kept a store. The collection didn't look much, but it was the homestead for Mac's Shenandoah Station.

Mac was standing in the doorway. He was an old, thin man, with some kind of hip ailment.

"How many more of you are on the trail?" he asked, before I could speak.

"I'm the last one, Mr. McLean," I said.

"That's what Keane claimed," he grumbled. "Well, get down and come on in. Who are you?"

"Corcoran's the name," I said, and he looked surprised.

"Keane told me you'd gone back to Mataranka," he said. "Marney left something here for you."

"A bridle. A plaited bridle," I said.

He nodded. "As nice a Marney plait as ever I saw. He finished it right here in the store, bought the rosettes from me and put them on. But it isn't here now."

"Well, where is it?" I asked.

He swung round, facing me. "See here, young fellow," he said. "I'm not accountable for every little thing that happens. Keane came in, saw the bridle, knew about it, said you'd gone back to Mataranka and had asked him to pick it up for you. That's all I knew, so I gave it to him."

"Still, if Bill Marney asked you to keep it for me——" I said.

"See here!" he exploded. "I don't give a hang what happens to your bridle. I did what I was asked. I've got enough troubles of my own. My natives have walked out on me—they left before the flood. I haven't a black on the place to get any work done. I've got to sit here and twiddle my thumbs till they come back. I was making do with a half-caste and two other bucks that were sitting down waiting for Keane to get through the flood waters, and now he's on his way and they've gone with him. I've got three thousand cattle to muster and not a horse yarded, and you come bothering me about a tuppenny-ha'penny bridle."

"They're your cattle, Mr. McLean," I said. "It's my bridle."

"Well, find Keane and you'll find your bridle," he said.

I turned back to my horse.

"You've got time for a mug of tea, haven't you?" he asked.

I shook my head. "I'm in a hurry now," I told him. "And I carry my own tea. . . ."

The trail led past an aborigine encampment just a hundred yards past the homestead, but the bough shelters were deserted, and hadn't been lived in since before the last rains. About five miles farther on I saw where a fair-sized mob of horses had left the main trail, and I was wondering whose tracks they were when I saw a rusty can thrown down a little way along. That was Keane all right, so I drove my horses along his trail.

Within a mile the tracks of driven cattle—just a few at first—came in over the horse pads, as though the men were mustering on their way. I slept that night on their camp site and, sure enough, cattle had camped hard by.

I pressed hard next morning, knowing they were only a day ahead of me, and that the cattle would slow them up, and at lunchtime I came in sight. Keane and two aborigines were driving a little herd of about eighty cattle, mostly yearlings, and there was no sign of Daley or the other man. I guessed one would be off to one side, mustering in cattle, and the other would be ahead with the horses. Over the horizon ahead there was a dust cloud. That was the horse herd. Only horses or donkeys raise that much dust when they are travelling.

Keane saw me, said something to one of the natives, and rode back. I turned my horses, stopped them, and then rode on to meet him. Behind Keane, one of the two stockmen left the cattle and followed him at a slight distance. Keane cantered close in, stopped, and started talking right away.

"This isn't the road to Queensland," he said. "You left it forty miles back."

"I'm looking for my bridle," I told him.

I didn't have to look far. Keane was riding a beautiful palomino that I hadn't seen at the camp at Afghan Soak, a high, free-stepping, heavy hack with a deep chest and a long back, well coupled up—a beautiful mare, as pretty as a picture, and my bridle was on her head. That five-bar, twenty-strand plait sat close and comfortable against the palomino's skin, and looked as handsome as a golden watch. The new rosettes were sweet to look at.

"I don't know anything about your bridle," he said. "Now look, son; you've been enough trouble. Turn round and ride away. I'm warning you."

"That's my bridle in your hand," I

They're Young when they're Batchelors Garden Peas

These kiddies are learning a lot listening to Fred Streeter, the well-known expert on gardening — and they're enjoying themselves enormously. It's a happy time when they're young. That's when they're nicest. And the same is true of garden peas. They're nicest when they're young . . . and they're young when they're Batchelors Garden Peas. Fresh, sweet and tender — because they're picked at the peak of their young perfection, and canned within a short matter of hours. Let your family enjoy Batchelors Garden Peas often.

BGP4 9872

Magic rainbow at your service

Dyes brighten up your wardrobe and your

by REX GRIZELL

The brilliant red in the tunic of the guardsman at the Palace must stand up to sun and rain

DURING the big build up of forces for the Battle of Alamein it was realized that most of the army's transport horses were grey and white. They might easily be spotted in night attacks.

Veterinary officers asked Dr. James Gillan of the Imperial Chemical Industries, dyestuffs division for a dye which would permanently change the colour of the horses to chestnut.

"It had to be permanent and not cause the horses any trouble. There was no such dye in existence," says Gillan.

The problem was difficult because horses sweat a great deal even when not being heavily worked; and most dyes lasted only a short time. One mare used in the experiments changed colour as she was ridden through the streets of Aldershot. "We succeeded in finding a dye that was so permanent that when they asked us after the action to bleach the horses we had to tell them the dye would have to grow out," says Gillan.

"We also produced a successful dye for making army dogs black for night work. This was much easier as dogs do not sweat at all through their skin," he says.

The dye was also a great success with a rabbit fancier who managed to obtain a small bottle of it. His black rabbits won numerous prizes. Judges were astonished at the complete absence of the few white hairs which are usually found on black rabbits. This is only one of the unusual uses which modern science has found for dyes. Other uses are so commonplace that nobody gives them a thought.

Without dyes, green peas, salmon and shrimp paste, and countless other manufactured foods would all be the same dull, unappetizing straw colour. Without the variety of colours which dyes produce, the huge fashion and cosmetics industries would be insignificant. There are dyes in almost every household product except glass.

Methylene blue, once used to treat leprosy, is now used in a test for milk purity. Pathologists use numerous dyes to stain microscopic organisms and to illustrate cellular structure.

The most important contribution of dyes to medicine dates from the German discovery of bright red prontosil in 1936.

Experiments showed that this was effective against several diseases, including childbed fever. The active principle of prontosil is sulphanilamide, first of the now well-known sulpha drugs.

One of the most important markets for dyes is in clothing and textiles. The invention of man-made fibres such as nylon, Terylene and Orlon has brought numerous problems.

A woman who sends an Orlon sweater to her local dyers and cleaners for dyeing is most likely to receive it back neatly cleaned but the same colour, with a note regretting that they were not able to dye it. Special equipment, which few garment dyers yet possess, is necessary for dyeing some man-made materials.

Dr. Gillan, an assistant chief colourist, likes to illustrate the nature of their problems with a demonstration that has a magical touch. He takes hanks of

---

told him. "I'd like to take it with me."

"This ain't your bridle," he said.

"It's a Marney bridle, isn't it?" I asked him.

"What of it?" he sneered. "It's not the first Marney bridle I've had, at that."

"That's the one Marney plaited for me," I said. "You didn't have it at Afghan Soak."

"I didn't have the palomino either," he agreed. "But I'm not going to turn it over to any little whippersnapper comes asking for it."

"I want my bridle," I said.

"There's a lot of things you want and can't have," he told me. "Now get out. Get on your way and don't come back. And keep your mouth shut about seeing me too. I'm warning you." He gave a signal to the stockman nearby. "Next time I'll take a rifle to you."

The stockman was galloping towards my horses, swinging a stock whip, and suddenly Keane put the spurs to the palomino. He fairly raked her with the rowel and she spread out, jumping from where she stood into a gallop. The two of them raced to my outfit, cracking the whips, and the horses jumped away. The men galloped into them and split them and headed them for the horizon—two mobs of them, going in opposite directions.

I cantered along after the nearest mob, cursing Keane. I could hardly see from the tears that were in my eyes from rage. The two of them were back with their cattle when my horses were two columns of dust on the sky line.

That night I had half the horses caught and hobbled by a water hole. I went to sleep, timing myself to wake when Venus rose on the skyline—I suppose that would be about three o'clock. Then I took a fresh horse, and had the whole outfit together by the break of day. I took the two best horses, left the rest at the water hole, and started off again after Keane.

I found him sooner than I had expected. I was just about the place where I had left him the day before, or maybe a couple of miles farther on, when I saw smoke go up two or three miles to the right. Ten minutes after that more smoke went up, nearer me and in line. When a third billow of smoke went up in the same line—a third short drift of smoke such as comes from a grass clump burning—I was sure he had left a stockman watching for me, and that this man was signalling.

There was a line of trees ahead, indicating a creek, and as I came up on it a rifle cracked and a bullet hit the sand in front of me. I reined in and Keane came walking out of the trees on foot.

He waved me back and, when I still stood there, brought the rifle to his shoulder and fired. This time the bullet came pretty close. I thought I could hear it go *whuft* through the air near my head, so I turned and went back. What else could I do?

But I went only as far as the nearest water. All the water holes on the plain were filled at this season; it was no problem at all. I had expected to find Keane farther on, but he must have spent the morning branding. He had stolen the cattle, obviously, and now he was nearing the outer boundary of Shenandoah Station and didn't want to be found on another man's land with unbranded cattle. He would be holding the herd somewhere ahead of the creek where I had seen him.

Well, there were five of them. The natives he had would do whatever he told them, so they were five against one; and any one of them could have handled me. But I wanted my bridle and I had a plan I thought might work, and I was going to try it.

It was a crazy plan. It meant risking my two horses and, if it failed, it meant I would be left out in that country without a horse at all. But that was the least that could happen. If I got into a fight with Keane and his crowd, that might be the end of me. Still, I thought I'd risk it. . . .

WHEN it came dark, I rode on. My horses were fairly tired. They were grass-fed, of course, and couldn't stand much more of the solid work I had been giving them. I rode wide of where I had seen Keane, listening for the sound of horse bells or bedded cattle, sniffing for smoke and looking for the red glow of fire embers.

I heard the horse bells first, located the herd and circled them, closing them in. There was a little moonlight from a moon that had been new a few days before, but it wouldn't last the night. I could hear the cattle camp now, away off in the distance.

I let my horses go, tying up the stirrup irons and packing both bridles on the saddle. Then I went found Keane's horses, taking off the hobbles. He had about fifty horses, and some of them were hard to catch. But in about an hour and a half I had them all running free.

It was past midnight now, and I walked towards the cattle camp. Sometimes I ran, because I did not have much time. But the horses had not strayed far in the good feed, no more than about four miles, and I came up on the camp in good time.

They had a night rider, a man riding a quiet horse, circling the mob of bedded cattle and singing quietly. When he was on the farther side of the mob, I moved in, going from bush to bush.

I was banking on the likelihood that, on each circling of the herd, the man would ride in his own tracks. When I was about fifty yards away I waited for him to pass, and then I went steadily in.

The cattle were tired and quiet. They had been driven a few days, and they had been through the branding camp, which always quiets them. But they got a little restless as I came in close to them, crossing the tracks of the night rider, and two of the yearlings got to their feet.

I stopped then. I had picked up a strong stick about the length of my arm, and I dug this into the sandy topsoil and walked backwards away from the cattle again, so that I marked out a light trench with the stick. It made the cattle more nervous still. The rider was on the other side of the mob, a

menu. They're even used in sea rescues

Shepherds use an indelible marking dye to distinguish flocks. Ditched flyers (left) spread lurid yellow dye on the sea to attract the attention of planes

three different materials, viscose rayon, silk and acetate rayon and stirs them around for a minute in a bath of what looks like schoolboy's ink. He then rinses them in cold water.

The viscose rayon becomes a bright red, the silk blue and the acetate rayon yellow. "The different colours result because certain dyes are repelled by certain fabrics and cannot mix with them, any more than oil can mix with water," says Gillan. "In the experiment red, yellow and blue dyes were mixed together but the materials took only the one for which they had an affinity. The experiment could be repeated with numerous combinations."

While Orlon can be dyed properly only at high temperature and under pressure, some other materials are easily dyed. A dress was recently marketed in the United States complete with five tubes of dye and four tubes of colour remover. It was made of a drip-dry fabric, part silk, part Dacron, very sensitive to some dyes. The dress was specially meant for women executives who fly a lot. They could travel light, yet change the colour of their dress seven times a week, in shades from brilliant orange to turquoise blue.

The question of the right dye for the right material is complicated by fastness factors. Light, weather and the chemically laden atmospheres of big towns are among the things which may start a chemical reaction in the dye, causing it to lose strength. Dyes which are fast on one material are not necessarily fast on another. One brown dye is guaranteed fadeless on cotton, but on nylon it loses half its colour in one week. In a year the nylon has returned to its natural colour. No trace of dye is visible.

Light fastness is not the same thing as weather fastness. A dye which lasts well in a sunny window indoors, where the air is dry and relatively still, might fade rapidly when exposed to alternate periods of rain and wind or sun drying.

Gillan's team recently investigated a complaint from a man who had a shop in a Sussex town. The man had bought a red and white striped awning and fitted it in the early spring. At the end of six months the awning was no longer striped, the red had faded back to white. "Red shades last well indoors," says Gillan. "But it is very difficult to get a red which remains bright outside. The dyer had not used the best dye, and a sunny spring with plenty of showers had done the damage."

According to Gillan there are a few unscrupulous dyers who do not hesitate to cash in on a fashion in colour. Not long ago a bright shade of peacock blue was developed for use on cotton on which it was light fast. "Because it was completely new the shade became fashionable, and some dyers used it on other materials. Many girls bought woollen coats which faded in one season," says Gillan.

Sometimes a complaint shows up a weakness in a dye which no research tests have discovered. A girl who left a deep blue raincoat hanging to dry all day in a city office came back to find it a delicate lilac colour. I.C.I. researchers found that a gas fire had been burning in the room. Experiments showed that the dye was particularly sensitive to burned gases.

In addition to carrying out their own research I.C.I. dye experts answer 24,000 inquiries a year from all parts of the world.

One of the most unusual requests came from a schoolteacher who had to dress 150 schoolchildren as ancient Britons for a local pageant. "She wanted me to dye them all blue," says Gillan. "We have dyed horses and dogs but I drew the line at children."

Teams of dye scientists are constantly working to find new colours and to improve the light and weather fastness of existing colours.

Pigment printing, a process by which coloured patterns are printed on to dress materials, raises particular difficulties. When certain dress materials treated with brown and yellow pigment are dry cleaned the brown and yellow parts tend to rot and drop out.

According to Gillan the "whiter than white" slogans dear to the manufacturers of washing powders do have a scientific basis. These powders contain a fluorescent substance which has the property of converting the normally invisible ultra-violet light of daylight into visible blue light, counteracting the natural yellowish colour of cellulose fibres such as cotton and linen.

This same fluorescent substance was at one time used to mark clothes in laundries. The mark was invisible until the garment was held under an ultra-violet sorting lamp. "This method was popular until fashionable night clubs introduced ultra-violet lighting," says Gillan. "Then the V.I.P. customers were seen to have numbers stamped across their shirt fronts like convicts."

In 1856 an Englishman, William Perkin, discovered the first synthetic dye and laid the foundations of an industry which in a few years had found synthetic dyes in a much wider range of colours than the dyestuffs which had been in use so long. Modern science has made some startling uses of dyes possible.

An Auster plane flying a doctor to an injured member of the Commonwealth Antarctic expedition was forced down on an ice shelf through lack of fuel.

The crew built an ice shelter and stained the snow around the camp with a brilliant yellow-green dye visible for miles. They waited confidently for rescue. Eleven days later another plane arrived with fuel. This same dye, fluoresceine, has been used to find the source of the Amazon and to track the course of underground rivers.

"When Basil Spence was designing Coventry Cathedral he at first insisted on natural dyes for the tapestries and fabrics, sharing the belief with many other people that natural dyes are superior to synthetic ones," says Gillan. "In fact synthetic dyes are almost invariably superior, and we persuaded him to accept the fact." THE END

---

couple of hundred yards away, and did not notice.

I marked out quite a long trench with the stick, and then went back to a little clump of conkleberry bushes to hide. Here the rider would pass me first and then come on the mark of the stick.

For a minute I thought it wasn't going to work. The rider came up. It was the half-caste stockman, and he was singing a hymn, deep in his throat and slow. As he came near he kept looking at the cattle, wondering why they had become restless at this place.

He would have crossed the mark, I think, except that just then the night horse lowered its head and snuffed at the ploughed-up sand and drew his attention. The horse would have gone on, but the rider reined in and jumped down. When he squatted beside the new, strange track, I raced in with the stick and hit him as hard as I could on the head. He crumpled.

I grabbed the rein from his hand and mounted the horse. That was taking another chance, but all night horses have two things in common—they are quiet, and they have good night vision, so that it isn't easy to frighten them. I went on circling the herd the way the half-caste had done, singing a song of my own, though I didn't feel like singing. It was just to keep the cattle quiet.

I came round to the camp. There were two men sleeping with a fire between them, and their bridles at their sides. They would be the natives. The other two sleepers were farther away, near a fire of their own.

Behind me, the restlessness of the cattle was spreading. Some, away over, were standing over the unconscious man and snorting, and their concern was being transmitted to the others.

I walked the night horse close in toward the other sleepers, but I could see no bridles. Then I saw another horse tied to a slim coolibah tree, and it was wearing the Marney bridle.

I went over, dismounted and untied the horse, unstrapping the rein at the off-side of the bit so that I could use it for a lead rein. One of the native stockmen sat up and called over to me in a guarded voice, but he spoke a native language—I think it was Warramunga. I said nothing. Next minute he was on his feet shouting: "Hey, boss!"

I jumped into the saddle, rowelled the spurs home and slashed at the horse I was leading. The next moment the whole camp was astir. I raced straight at the cattle shouting and yelling, and the shouts and yells behind me matched my own.

In an instant the cattle were on their feet and running. The rush was on. It was a first-class stampede. The only thing was, Keane had no riders to stop it.

Behind me somebody started shooting. The cattle thundered on, and bushes and trees went down ahead of them. I quartered the flank of the rush, and saw the half-caste, sitting up now on the ground. I kept on riding straight out to where Keane's horse herd was grazing. They were heads up and restless, listening to the cattle bawling in the distance; and I did my best to round all of them into the mob.

As near as I could tell I got them all, including three or four that were still hobbled. I drove them, too. Slow as they were, they were still faster than any man on foot. And when daylight came they stood for me to take the hobbles off. . . .

I HAD quite an outfit when I rode into Mac's Place two nights later, counting all Keane's horses and my own. It was dark, but Mac came to his door with a lantern.

"Who is it?" he called. He lifted the lantern high in the air and I walked into the rays. "Why, it's the Corcoran boy."

I had the plaited bridle on my arm, leading the big palomino I'd been riding. "I want you to do me a favour, Mr. McLean," I said, just the way I'd rehearsed it on the way in. "I'm leaving Keane's horses for him, and I want you to look after them just the way you looked after my bridle."

"That's not Keane's horse," he said. "That's mine."

"Could be," I nodded. "Last time I saw him he was chasing some cattle that looked mighty like yours, too."

"Come in," he said. "Fix up your mob and come in."

He whistled like a banshee and three native lads came down the track.

"Your blacks come back?"

"Yes," he said. . . . "Here, Jimmy . . . Calabash, get these horses hobbled. Drop the saddles over in the shed."

"Just as well they're here," I told him. "There's a bunch of fellows three days north of here with no horses. They won't be able to get away in a hurry, and I think they are fellows you might want to see."

It was a while before he got the story sorted out, and I was sleepy.

The next morning, when I was getting ready to pull out, he had a look at my outfit.

"By the Lord, boy, you've got better bridles than you have horses," he said.

"No thanks to you, Mr. McLean," I told him, for I was still sore at him.

"I'll do you a deal now," he offered. "I'll swap my palomino for that little blue roan."

The blue roan was the worst horse I owned. I must have looked surprised, for he said: "It's a colour I was ever fond of."

"All right," I said quickly, before he had a chance to change his mind. Then I thought he couldn't have been so silly as to want the roan. "You've got the rough end of the bargain. . . ."

"Well, boy," he said. "There's a lot of things go to a bargain. A bridle like that should dress a good horse. I made a mistake about that bridle before—a bad mistake, and I'm making up for it." He paused a little while and then said: "You wouldn't care to take a job with me now, I suppose?"

I shook my head, though I was beginning to like him.

"I'm heading through to Queensland."

"I thought as much," he said. "You'll be welcome when you come again. But mind and keep the bridle with you, lad. A bridle good as that should stay in good hands." THE END

CAPSTAN

are
blended
better

Also Tipped at 3/4 for twenty

the medium cigarette for you!

In Germany Hilton shows his group an amphitheatre that the Nazis built

by FRANCIS HITCHING

John Hilton's teenage tourists frisk round Europe. They find culture, fun and excitement—and occasionally a spanking

The prank express roars to adventure

After a coach stop in the Black Forest, Hilton checks that everybody is aboard

ON the station platform at Amiens, France, John Hilton hustled together the twenty-five schoolboys in his charge and waited for the train to arrive. It was the end of a nine-day Continental holiday, and the train was to take them to the Calais-Dover ferry boat.

As it pulled in, Hilton saw with dismay that it was already desperately overcrowded, with passengers jostling elbow to elbow in the corridors among heaps of suitcases and rucksacks. "Somehow we all had to get aboard," he says. "The next train would have missed our connection at Calais."

Before the train stopped, he pulled open the door at the end of the nearest coach and made the oldest boy in his party, a husky eighteen-year-old, climb in. With three boys who were members of a school rugger team he formed a blockade on the platform and began to lift bodily the twenty-one remaining boys, aged between twelve and fourteen, into the carriage.

"Fifteen seconds before the train was due to leave, all the boys were inside," he says. "But there wasn't an inch of room for me." He threw his luggage through a window, and as the train pulled out, jumped on the steps leading down from the coach door. Some minutes later, with the train travelling at about thirty miles an hour, one of the boys inside managed to climb on a luggage rack. The rest moved up one place, and Hilton breathlessly heaved himself into the carriage.

Continental trains provide only a fraction of the problems with which Hilton, a methodical, softly-spoken schoolteacher of thirty-five, has to deal as tour leader and organizer for Educational Travel, Ltd., one of the principal British agencies arranging holidays abroad for school children.

In the course of thirty trips during the past eight years he has given more than two thousand boys and girls their first taste of travel in France, Belgium and Germany.

"The biggest worry is that unlike adults, children can't be relied on to get themselves out of unexpected difficulties," he says. A cautious disposition leads him to plan in advance almost every minute of each trip, and to counter the children's natural ebullience with four closely-typed foolscap pages of disciplinary regulations. "But one way and another they always seem to get broken."

At six o'clock on the second evening of a trip to Paris a few years ago, Hilton checked on the number of children and discovered that a fifteen-year-old girl was missing. Like the rest of the party, she had been told not to wander off alone. The hotel where the party was staying was in a maze of streets on the Left Bank of the Seine. "It wasn't a particularly savoury quarter, and she could have walked all night without finding our street among dozens of other unfamiliar ones," he says.

He gave her two hours in which to find her way back. A few minutes before eight o'clock she had still not returned, and he left the hotel to find the nearest police station. "I was going to mobilize the whole force."

As he walked round the first corner he saw the girl calmly holding a glass of lemonade in a pavement café, talking in English to a group of French students. "She had forgotten the time and apologized profusely," he says. "I gave her a hair-raising lecture on the kind of things that can happen to girls who walk about unaccompanied in Paris. For the rest of the trip nobody strayed more than ten yards from the party."

Hilton is equally firm with those who break his no-smoking, no-drinking rule.

Two years ago he caught one of his own pupils, aged fourteen, surreptitiously smoking in an hotel lounge in Germany.

Hilton sent the boy to his room, made him bend over a chair, and gave him six strokes with a slipper.

"Almost any man or woman could get drunk, spend the night in a Paris jail, pay the fine and laugh about it. If the same thing happened to one of my boys or girls it would be extremely serious," he says. "I try not to be over strict about it, but I must remember that." In both a disciplinary and an educational sense, Hilton regards one of his trips as half-way between a holiday and an extended school curriculum.

He prepares a questionnaire for each child, who has to fill in during the trip local information such as the name of the mayor, the age of the church and the prices of local commodities. "It makes them use what few words of the language they know," he says.

The children's search for information has sometimes had unexpected consequences.

A girl in Paris made no attempt to answer the questions, but spent her spare time sketching, an activity in which she had been only mildly interested at school.

Hilton was so impressed with the result that he encouraged her to carry on. Later, in England, he heard that her studies had won her a scholarship to an art school in London.

In Freiburg, Germany, three summers ago, two boys decided to find the answers to the food section of the questionnaire in the most practical way by going into a restaurant and eating everything mentioned on the list.

An hour later Hilton was telephoned by the manager and told that the boys were running up a bill much larger than was customary. He arrived

Aid digestion
by chewing Wrigley's Spearmint
WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT CHEWING GUM
THE FLAVOUR LASTS
Chewing Wrigley's Spearmint after meals aids digestion naturally . . . and its lively flavour freshens your taste.
HEALTHFUL · REFRESHING · DELICIOUS
E 187/8

to find the boys offering in sign-language to do the washing-up because their pocket-money was not enough to pay for the meal.

"They had about five shillings between them," he says. "The bill was for £3 10s. I paid it, and claimed the money from their parents in London."

To find hotels tolerant of children's behaviour, Hilton travels on his own to the Continent every January. He forestalls complaints by warning hotel managers exactly what to expect.

"Children tend to be noisy, bumptious, full of surplus energy, and overexcited," he says. Two winters ago he visited seventeen hotels in a Moselle valley town without finding one which was satisfactory.

For children aged twelve to sixteen he tries to find towns which are historically interesting and which offer opportunities for coach tours and hikes.

"I try to fill almost every minute of their stay," he says. "Young children are apt to feel bewildered in a strange community if they are not told exactly what to do."

Before the school term ends, each child going on holiday with Educational Travel is given an identification badge to wear at all times during the journey. Hilton meets children on the station platform, shows them to their carriages—which whenever possible have been reserved—and during the trip tries to subdue their high spirits by organizing "I-spy" games.

Hilton made his first trip abroad at the age of fifteen with a party from his grammar school at Buxton, Derbyshire, where he was born. "It made such an impression on me that I decided I would do the same for other boys when I was older."

He gained an Honours degree in French and German at Cambridge University, served in the army during the war, and afterwards was appointed languages master at Chelmsford Grammar School, Essex. He is now headmaster of a grammar school in Lancashire.

After arranging Continental trips for his own pupils, he joined the staff of Educational Travel, Ltd., which sends leaders like Hilton with each party going abroad. This year they have arranged eight to twelve-day trips for seven thousand children to nearly fifty towns in fourteen countries, at prices from £12 8s. 6d.

Hilton and about two dozen other leaders are unpaid, but are rewarded by being able to spend an average of five weeks in the year abroad.

Hilton, who is married and has three young daughters, says this has to be weighed against the paper-work involved. "I spend at least an hour every night at my desk."

One of Hilton's most persistent fears is that a boy or girl will fall seriously ill abroad. State registered nurses who go with all large parties organized by Educational Travel, are practised at removing grit from the eyes of those who lean out of train windows, and have to deal with epileptics, and innumerable minor ailments such as sprained ankles.

Hilton has escorted a spastic child round Germany, and sent a boy who contracted chicken-pox to hospital in France. "I hope we weren't responsible for an epidemic," he says.

In Paris he was confronted one afternoon by an almost hysterical girl in his party who said that her friend, aged twelve, had collapsed. He arrived to find the child helpless with asthma on a park bench.

While a taxi took her to the hotel, he hurried to find a chemist selling a special medicine which the girl said was the only one which would help. "It wasn't a recognized cure in France," he says. "I walked for hours and visited thirty chemists before I found it."

Hilton's record of bringing every child safely back to Britain has not been achieved without some anxious moments.

One mother who was saying goodbye to her son on Victoria Station approached Hilton and mentioned casually: "I think you ought to know that my boy is waiting for a hospital bed so that he can have his appendix out. We thought the trip might take his mind off the operation."

Four days later, in a remote Normandy village, the boy awoke with stomach-ache.

Hilton immediately rushed to telephone a doctor and arrange for an ambulance. His wife, Mary who was accompanying him for the first time, unperturbedly walked upstairs and gave the boy a dose of bicarbonate. By the time the doctor came, the stomach-ache had gone.

Says Hilton: "The pain had been caused by too much rich food. Sometimes I wonder if I worry just a little too much."

THE END

CHALLENGE THE FAMOUS

HARRY OAKES

(the B.B.C's Dan Archer) answered these questions on the WEATHER. Pit your wits against his and try to beat his points score.

(Answers on page 40)

1	If thunder follows lightning by five seconds, how far away is the centre of the storm?	Five miles. I think sound travels at one mile per second.
2	What are the colours of the rainbow?	Red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, violet.
3	Where is the sea area Malin?	Off Northern Ireland.
4	Why is summer hotter than winter?	Well, it is because the sun is nearer for longer periods. I can't think of a more scientific answer.
5	What is the highest recorded temperature in the British Isles?	This is a guess. I'll say a hundred degrees.
6	Which are the driest and wettest months in Britain?	I'd imagine that July is probably the driest month and February the wettest.

Six Swordfish aircraft, carrying torpedoes, made gallant attacks on the German fleet

Vice-Admiral Ciliax, who led the German ships' break-out, inspects the Scharnhorst's crew

Britain wakes up—too late

by TERENCE ROBERTSON

For a whole year we had waited to catch the mighty German ships. Now Hitler's proud fleet had slipped past Dover in daylight—and taken us by surprise

The Scharnhorst, Gneisenau and Prinz Eugen during air attack from the British—a photograph from a German film taken while the action was in progress

It was midnight on February 11, 1942. The English Channel was dark, thin mist topping the waves. On the German battle cruiser Scharnhorst, Vice-Admiral Ciliax, tall and gaunt, hunched beneath his greatcoat, paced the bridge anxiously.

The great dash was on.

For nine months the Scharnhorst, Gneisenau and Prinz Eugen—three of Germany's proudest and mightiest warships—had been trying to hide in Brest. They had been spied on and bombed. Now, on Hitler's special orders and against the advice of the German High Command, the admiral was leading them in a desperate bid to escape up-Channel, to the safety of home waters.

The escape had been carefully planned so that when the ships were at the narrowest point of the route—the Straits of Dover—and therefore in the worst danger from attack, their escort would reach a total of nearly sixty destroyers, E-boats and gunboats. The largest force of German fighters and bombers ever assembled for a naval operation was ready to go into action.

The warships should have left Brest at 7.30 p.m., but an R.A.F. raid had delayed them until 10.25. However, by racing at top speed—German shore radar stations estimated it as thirty-one knots—they were now only forty minutes behind schedule.

Admiral Ciliax listened tensely for what he considered inevitable—the sound of a British reconnaissance aircraft. He was planning, as no enemy of Britain had done for nearly three hundred years, to sail within eighteen miles of the English south coast. He reflected grimly that such daring would not go unpunished. The moment his ships were spotted the alarm would be raised.

"Where are the British?" he muttered to the officers standing beside him. "Surely they must know by this time what we're up to."

But, as it happened, owing to a fantastic series of coincidences the British were completely unaware that the dash was taking place.

The Admiralty realized that it was imminent; aerial photographs taken that afternoon revealed the ships alongside fuelling wharves. But the Royal Navy submarine Sealion, which had been lying in wait just outside Brest, and which would have seen the ships had they sailed at 7.30 p.m., had withdrawn at 8.25 p.m. to recharge her batteries.

As for aerial reconnaissance, a Coastal Command aircraft was patrolling between Brest and the Breton peninsula at 7.25 p.m. when it nearly collided with a Junkers 88 night fighter, sent to clear the air in advance of the break-out. The Coastal Command crew managed to shake off the fighter, but unfortunately their radar set was one of the early, temperamental models and refused to work any more. Without it, the crew could see little, so they returned to base. By the time a relief plane reached the patrol area it was 10.48; the Germans had gone.

Farther up the Channel, the radar gear in yet another Coastal Command plane failed. The pilot was ordered home and the entire night's reconnaissance in that area abandoned. Later, at 6.30 a.m. on February 12, the Coastal Command plane responsible for patrolling between Le Havre and Boulogne was withdrawn because of the mist. If it had done the full patrol, until 7.30, it would have almost certainly seen the German fleet passing below. . . .

At 8.5 a.m., Admiral Ciliax could hardly believe his luck. His fleet had been at sea for nearly twelve hours and covered more than 250 miles. Despite the high speed and darkness, the ships had managed to keep station without incident.

At 8.30, a radio message from the German Western Naval Command warned him that the Royal Navy had laid a minefield across the route. "Minesweepers are already at work," he was told. "Do you want to make a detour?"

His reply was brief. "No," he said. "We'll take the risk and steam ahead. . . ."

By ten o'clock, in the radar filter room at Fighter Command Headquarters, Stanmore, Middlesex, suspicions that something unusual was happening in the Channel had been roused. Plots from radar stations along the south-east coast showed a cluster of German aircraft orbiting. The cluster was moving up-Channel at about twenty knots. The type of shipping which sometimes had air protection was slow, and could not possibly steam at that speed.

Nevertheless it was felt that perhaps the heavy interference being suffered by the radar stations—interference put down to atmospherics, but in fact sent out by the Germans to conceal the warships' movements—was making plots inaccurate.

"There's probably an air-sea rescue operation going on," said the duty controller of No. 11 Group at Hornchurch, Essex, when told about it.

Then, at 10.33 a.m., Group Captain Victor Beamish, the Battle of Britain ace, happened to be making one of his "Beamish Special" jaunts over the Channel. These were "special" only because Beamish, senior staff officer to Air Vice-Marshal Trafford Leigh-Mallory of No. 11 Group, should have been behind a desk instead of a joystick. But nobody could keep Beamish away from his Spitfire for long, and rather than have him break the rules, Leigh-Mallory had allotted him a certain number of flights each week.

Piloting another Spitfire was Wing Commander

KANGOL CAP

uncrushable

39 Fitzroy Square W.1

NOW,
INCREASED INTEREST!

INVEST IN BRITAIN!

4½% equal to £7.16s. 6d. gross

5% equal to £8.14s. 0d. gross

INTEREST
TAX FREE

SAFETY . . . STABILITY . . .
. . . EASY WITHDRAWALS

Write for Free Booklet to:

OAK
CO-OPERATIVE BUILDING SOCIETY

46 Tithebarn Street, Liverpool, 2
Telephone: Central 4708-9

Please send full details to:

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

J.B.

ANTLER Cases are kind to the clothes you have packed and they complement those you are wearing, making every journey a pleasure. And, when you arrive, ANTLER will announce you in the best possible fashion.

ask for

ANTLER TRAVEL GOODS

Available from authorised dealers everywhere

ANTLER LIMITED · BIRMINGHAM 3

A PROBLEM FOR PERCY THROWER

Ian Carmichael is baffled by bulbs

WHEN IAN CARMICHAEL, the star of the film *Lucky Jim*, took a house in Hampstead, London, the garden contained "a whacking great chestnut tree and the foundations of an air raid shelter." Now it has a kidney-shaped lawn, Cotswold wall, crazy paving, and is planted with spring bulbs. "How," Carmichael asks, "can I persuade daffodils to give their best in a city atmosphere, and what bulbs should I plant for the autumn? Another thing. . . . What should I do to make certain of keeping my geraniums through the winter?"

PERCY THROWER says:

Spring bulbs usually grow very well in industrial areas. It pays, however, to buy the best quality and to plant in good time. Tulips and hyacinths should be planted in November, and daffodils and narcissi two months earlier.

My favourite bulb for autumn flowering is nerine Bowdenii. Plant it now against a south-facing wall. Dig a trench the width and depth of a spade, put in manure or peat, then a layer of soil followed by coarse sand; place the bulbs on the sand and cover with about three inches of soil. They will produce long straplike leaves from March to July, then very rich pink flowers from August to October. Two attractive corms for autumn flowering are colchicum, which is like a giant crocus, and the hardy cyclamen, which should be planted in shade.

Geraniums, which are fibrous-rooted half-hardy perennials, must be lifted before the frosts start. Trim off the large leaves, place the roots close together on an inch-deep layer of ashes in a box, and cover with soil. Keep in the house all winter. In April cut the tops back by half; plant out in May.

Robert Boyd, also a Battle of Britain survivor, who had been assigned the difficult task of trying to keep his senior officer out of trouble.

Beamish knew of a possible Channel dash, but his thoughts about the prospect of this were distracted when he sighted a pair of German fighters.

The Luftwaffe pilots cast hasty glances over their shoulders and retreated in the direction of Boulogne. Hunters and hunted lost height rapidly and almost before Beamish and Boyd could do anything about it, they found themselves streaking across the bows of the great German fleet.

Beamish led the way back to the base, at approximately the moment that Squadron Leader Robert Oxspring and Sergeant Beaumont, piloting Spitfires on reconnaissance, came down through the cloud fifteen miles east of Le Touquet and saw a large number of ships directly beneath them.

They landed at Hawkinge at 10.50 and described having seen a "convoy of about thirty to forty ships escorted by five destroyers or E-boats." When Beaumont added, "I saw a ship with a tripod mast," the interrogating officer looked excited.

"Thanks, that's just what we have been waiting for," he announced. "Could you recognize the ship you saw from this book of silhouettes?"

Beaumont turned the pages. "That looks like the mast I saw," he said.

The ship was neither the Scharnhorst, Gneisenau nor Prinz Eugen. This identification was apparently accepted as final and when the report was sent through to Fighter Command there was no suggestion of an alert or putting "Fuller"—the British counter-plan for stopping the German break-out—into operation. Instead, the fact that Oxspring and Beaumont had seen a large convoy had the effect of cancelling the previously ordered shipping strike and the issuing of fresh orders for a larger one, code-named "Roadstead."

When the news of this big "Roadstead" against a "convoy" reached the headquarters of Vice-Admiral Sir Bertram Home Ramsay, the Flag Officer, Dover Command, the air liaison officer there, Wing Commander J. "Bobby" Constable-Roberts, began to feel certain that the alarm ought to be raised. With the approval of the admiral, who was sceptical and inclined to wait for firmer evidence, Constable-Roberts telephoned Manston aerodrome in Kent where 825 Squadron of Swordfish torpedo bombers was stationed. Swordfish, lumbering bi-planes with a top speed of about a hundred knots, were the Fleet Air Arm's only torpedo bombers at the time. The squadron was down to half-strength—six aircraft—but its leader, Lieutenant-Commander Eugene Esmonde, a short, wiry Irishman, had volunteered to take part in "Fuller," and the squadron had been accepted for the job.

"You'd better get your chaps ready," said Constable-Roberts. "I think we might have something for you."

"How about bombing up?" asked Esmonde.

"Yes, you won't have time for that when I give the word."

This was the first decisive step taken by the British forces—and a junior wing commander had taken it.

At 11.9, half an hour after sighting and identifying the German battle fleet, Beamish and Boyd landed their Spitfires, ran to the nearest telephone and contacted No. 11 Group. The warning was given—the Brest ships were out.

DOVER Command, the most urgently affected of all, was the last to get official news that the break-out was on. It came at 11.25 by telephone from the Admiralty War Room. Immediately, Constable-Roberts asked No. 11 Group for fighters to protect the Swordfish. A few minutes later he rang Esmonde and said: "It's our Brest friends all right. I'll get your orders soon."

Admiral Ramsay signalled the go-ahead to Captain Mark Pizey, leader of a flotilla of six destroyers at Harwich.

Five motor torpedo boats left Dover and raced out across the Straits.

At sea aboard the Scharnhorst, Admiral Ciliax was deeply puzzled. Why had the British not appeared?

Somewhere up ahead, he thought, a trap has been baited.

The narrowest part of the Straits, the Dover-Calais line, had now been crossed. Excitement and hope swept through the German crews. They had sailed 360 miles; only two hundred miles lay between them and safety.

The first sign of life from the British came at 12.18 p.m. The Dover coastal artillery batteries opened fire and a plume of spray leaped upwards briefly more than a mile to port of the nearest German escort. But the Germans fast drew out of range.

Two motor gunboats, which had recently arrived at Dover and were not

ready to sail when the alarm was raised, left hurriedly to try to engage the outer E-boat screen so that the torpedo boats would have a chance to break through.

Meanwhile, Lieutenant-Commander Edward Pumphrey, leader of the M.T.B.s, sped towards the E-boats. Suddenly the great shapes of the battle cruisers emerged from the smoke screen which had been laid by the German destroyers. He signalled the traditional naval "enemy sighted" report, including an accurate estimate of his position and the enemy's course and speed.

Little more than four hours of daylight remained.

The distance between the opposing lines of E-boats and torpedo boats closed to a thousand yards, and the fire of light guns on both sides sent up an archway of red tracers. The British boats were not designed to fight running gun battles; they were intended only to dart in, deliver their torpedoes and then, if possible, retire.

Standing on the bridge of M.T.B. No. 221, Pumphrey looked astern to check that the flotilla was keeping up. There was No. 219 with young Sub-Lieutenant Arnold Forster in command; then came Lieutenant Louis Gamble with No. 45; Sub-Lieutenant Richard Saunders in No. 44 and Sub-Lieutenant Anthony Law in No. 48.

Pumphrey turned the 221 towards the E-boats. He would attempt to crash his way through their screen.

Almost immediately his engines failed. Pumphrey ordered his flotilla to attack independently just as German fighter planes swooped low to strafe their decks. Caught between accurate, effective E-boat fire and the attack from the air, the torpedo boats scattered.

The rest of the flotilla were desperately trying to reach attacking positions. The 219 and 48 were beaten back by the E-boat screen and then singled out for special attention by a swarm of fighters. Dodging and twisting, the M.T.B.s launched their torpedoes at the Scharnhorst from a range of about five thousand yards under vicious crossfires, then withdrew.

The Germans switched their attention to Gamble in 45. E-boat fire poured into the little boat as she pointed her nose at the Prinz Eugen and her torpedoes left the tubes. The menacing bows of the destroyer Friedrich Ihn, which had raced up to intercept his break through the E-boat screen, reared above him. Her guns cracked down. Gamble turned and ran—but not before he had seen his torpedoes misfire.

The fifth M.T.B., the 44, had dropped well astern with engine trouble. Now, with her engines working again, she moved inside a little behind the last E-boat in the screen. Saunders fired his torpedoes at the Prinz Eugen from a range of about three thousand yards.

His few seconds of waiting to see if the torpedoes were running straight were interrupted by the arrival of the destroyer Hermann Schoemann, which opened fire on him at less than half a mile. There was no rewarding explosion of torpedoes hitting the Prinz Eugen, so Saunders turned to retreat.

As for three other M.T.B.s, which had sailed from Ramsgate, they had soon met German destroyers and E-boats. All three boats developed engine trouble. In worsening weather and a rising sea, they returned to harbour.

Thus the first battle of the dash had been lost—not through lack of courage, but because of impossible odds.

It was at 12.25, at 1,500 feet and slightly seawards of Manston, that the six Swordfish of 825 Squadron orbited slowly, waited for the arrival of their fighter escorts. Before taking off, Esmonde had been assured by No. 11 Group: "We intend putting in the Biggin Hill Wing of three squadrons as your top cover. The Hornchurch Wing of two squadrons will give you close support and beat up the flak ships."

At his briefing of his crews Esmonde had ordered: "We will fly in line astern, height fifty feet. Attack independently. Pick up your target, but make sure it is either the Scharnhorst, Gneisenau or Prinz Eugen."

Since Esmonde had volunteered for the mission he had every right, knowing what opposition he faced, to stand down. Wing Commander Constable-Roberts had told him on the telephone: "Admiral Ramsay wants to know how you feel about going in. He wants it to be your decision." But Esmonde had replied: "The squadron will attack."

SWORDFISH W-5983, piloted by Sub-Lieutenant Brian Rose and with Sub-Lieutenant Edgar Lee as observer and Leading Airman A. L. Johnson as gunner, was almost on Esmonde's tail.

Behind and slightly above was W-5907, piloted by Colin Kingsmill, a sub-lieutenant in the Volunteer Reserve; Sub-Lieutenant Reginald Samples was his observer, and Leading Airman D. A. Bunce his gunner. Lower and farther away was W-4523, with the handsome sub-flight leader, Lieutenant John Thompson, piloting, Sub-Lieutenant Eric Fuller Wright as observer and Leading Airman E. Topping at the guns.

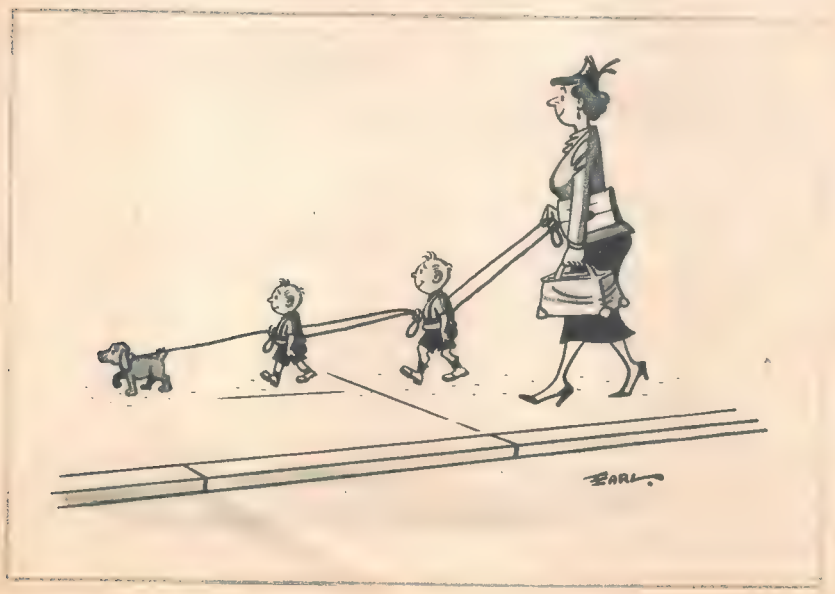
Next there was W-5985 with Sub-Lieutenants Cecil Wood and Robert Parkinson and Leading Airman H. T. A. Wheeler. In the rear was W-5978 with Sub-Lieutenants Peter Bligh and Bill Beynon and Leading Airman W. G. Smith.

Six aircraft, six torpedoes and eighteen men; but at sea were two battle cruisers, a heavy cruiser, six large destroyers, thirty-four E-boats, flak ships—and, of course, the Luftwaffe.

Esmonde, in W-5984, glanced at his watch. It was now 12.27 p.m., two minutes after the time for the rendezvous with his escorts. The weather was getting worse. Suddenly a quick smile and a wave of his hand indicated ten fighters streaking towards and above them. At least some escorts were coming. It was 12.28 p.m.

Two more minutes passed; the smile had gone. No more fighters were in sight.

Ten miles east of Ramsgate, in thickening overcast and with visibility not more than four miles, the pathetically small force made contact with the enemy. Two flights of Me.109s



Lasting Beauty!

WALLCHARM

The World's Best Wall Paint

For Walls and Ceilings

EMULSION

The ideal decorative finish for walls and ceilings in living rooms, etc. Quick, Easy and Lasting.

EGGSHELL FINISH

SATIN OIL FINISH

Rubberised and Steam-proof. The finest MATT finish for kitchen and bathroom walls and woodwork but looks lovely in any room.

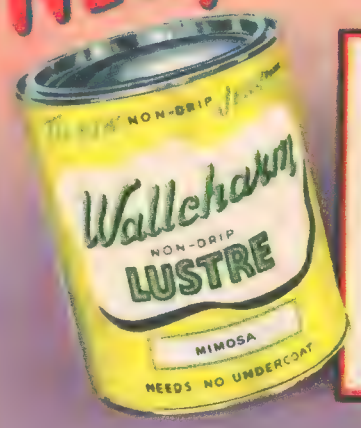
MATT

KITCHEN ENAMEL

Rubberised and Steam-proof. The perfect Gloss finish for walls and woodwork in kitchens and bathrooms, or in ANY room.

GLOSS

NEW!



LUSTRE

★ A lovely new pearly sheen.
★ Non-drip, no stirring.
★ No spills, no splashes, no mess.
★ Needs no Undercoat.
★ For walls and woodwork.

NON-DRIP JELLY PAINT

Sold by all Leading Paint Dealers

FREE!

Write now for 1958 Illustrated Folder "Here's COLOUR for your Home", showing many delightful modern schemes in full colour, also shade cards to:—

COLTHURST & HARDING LTD., Dept. 216, BRISTOL, 4.

home dressmakers delight in

Jerseylaine

WOVEN RAYON FAILLE

it's so VERSATILE

Jerseylaine's a wonder–it's right for so many fashions and for children's wear too. What a wonderful choice of colours, styles and designs you'll find in this trustworthy, washable and well-behaved fabric.

50 'Fiesta' plain colours at 3/11½ yd.

Printed designs at about 5/11 yd.

Embroidered and flock prints... 7/11 yd. at about

(35-36" width)

At your local fabric shop

BURGESS LEDWARD & CO. LTD.
WALKDEN
MANCHESTER

TESTED QUALITY

®

SO MUCH MORE VALUE

SO MUCH MORE
in mileage, silence and grip.

SO MUCH MORE
in cornering stability, even wear and comfortable riding.

SO MUCH MORE
in all round value.

That is why it was immediately fitted as standard equipment by the majority of British motor car manufacturers

THE New DUNLOP 'Gold Seal' Tyre

8M/107

swooped in. Machine-gun bullets and cannon shells ripped through the fabric fuselages of the Swordfish.

The Spitfires broke up the enemy and chased them northwards. At once the inadequacy of the escort became apparent. Another flight of enemy fighters was lurking above, waiting for the opportunity of finding the Swordfish unguarded. They pounced, diving right through the formation.

At 12.45 p.m., with long streamers of torn fabric trailing from their aircraft, Esmonde and his squadron sighted the battle fleet. For the first time the full strength of the enemy lay before their eyes with startling reality. Ahead and stretching into the mist on either side were the long lines of escorts forming the outer and inner screens. Past these was the destroyer screen, hugging the sides of the great battle cruisers. The sky above presented an even worse picture. It swarmed with hundreds of Luftwaffe fighters.

At this moment, perhaps more than any other, Esmonde's power of leadership was shown to dominate the fear of death. As the first fiery wall of tracers and shells swept up from the Germans he piloted a steady course, his plane pointing directly at the nearest ship in the battle formation—the Scharnhorst.

The ten Spitfires of the escort were lost in a maze of dog-fights, while an air battle developed to the south. The remainder of the Biggin Hill Wing, having arrived at the rendezvous late, had headed out to sea and met the Luftwaffe's rearguard. The Hornchurch Wing, also missing the rendezvous, had gone on to Calais.

Esmonde took his aircraft through the first flak barrage and over the outer screen. Brian Rose followed, with Colin Kingsmill, harried by fighters, dropping gradually astern. The main Luftwaffe swarm gathered for the kill round Thompson's sub-flight, half a mile behind. Three thousand yards to go. . . .

The flak decreased as more fighters closed in round the leading flight. A new menace struck Brian Rose; F.W. 190s, fast and more manoeuvrable than the Messerschmitts, and armed with cannon, concentrated their attacks on his Swordfish. His machine guns stopped their clamour, and Edgar Lee glanced round to see Johnson slumped over them. Lee stood up, turned and tried to lift Johnson's body clear of the guns, but this was impossible. He called to Rose on the inter-com: "I'll keep watch astern, Brian, and let you know when they're coming."

In this way, he stood half in and half out of his cockpit, gazing right at the enemy guns, trying to guess the exact moment they would fire so that he could shout warnings to his pilot.

Another fantastic act of courage was being carried out by Esmonde's gunner, Leading Airman W. J. Clinton. Flames were rippling along the fuselage and threatening to engulf his cockpit. So, in the midst of the battle, he climbed out of the cockpit, sat astride the fuselage, beat out the flames and then returned to his guns.

Esmonde was over the inner screen now. The main nine-inch armament of the battle cruisers came into action.

A cannon shell tore up through Rose's aircraft and exploded against the thin steel plating of his back-rest. Shrapnel and splinters plunged deep into his back. Lee, standing behind him, heard him groan; the aircraft's nose dipped dangerously. Lee bent forward, shouting hoarse, urgent warnings to Rose to pull up. Over the engine cowling loomed the massive targets.

At that instant the lower port wing of Esmonde's Swordfish vanished, shot clean away. Esmonde fought to bring the plane under control, and gradually the nose came up again and steadied.

It seemed to Lee that Esmonde was heading for the Scharnhorst, so he called to Rose to alter course slightly to bring the Gneisenau directly ahead. Tracer tore into Esmonde's cockpit. Fifteen hundred yards to go. . . .

MORTALLY wounded in the head and back Esmonde held his course for the Scharnhorst. In the cockpit behind him were slumped his observer, Lieutenant William Williams, and the brave Clinton—both killed. Life was quickly draining from Esmonde's body when he pulled the aircraft's nose up into the wind for the last time and released the torpedo. A dozen German fighters swooped, and the crippled Swordfish crashed into the sea.

The fuselage of W-5983 was streaming with petrol. A shell had exploded in the main tank. Lee touched Rose and pointed at the fuel gauge. Rose's head jerked in acknowledgment. The engine faltered and spluttered to life again. The Swordfish pointed at the Prinz Eugen. A thousand yards to go. . . .

"Now, Brian," Lee screamed. "Fire the torpedo!"

But the Prinz Eugen changed course and managed to evade it. The thought crossed Lee's mind that Esmonde's torpedo must have missed, too.

To starboard, Lee saw Kingsmill's Swordfish taking tremendous punishment from the flak. The engine itself was in flames and the port wing had caught fire. All three of the crew were severely wounded. At two thousand yards Kingsmill released his torpedo at the Prinz Eugen and turned away. Then his engine went dead and the aircraft flopped into the sea. The airmen clambered from their cockpit and fell exhausted into the water. A British M.T.B. sped over to rescue them.

Rose and Lee in W-5983 were the next to crash. Above them Thompson's sub-flight went into the attack. Struggling to fly, they crossed the line of destroyers and met the wall of water thrown up by the heavy ships' barrage.

The Luftwaffe drew off, and the three Swordfish vanished into the spray.

At 3 p.m., after a couple of terrifying hours in a dinghy, during which they were machine-gunned by E-boats, Rose and Lee were rescued by Lieutenant Saunders's M.T.B. No. 44. On arrival at Dover, Lee was taken to report to Admiral Ramsay.

After hearing Lee, the admiral, who was later to state, "Had I known that the fighter escorts might not keep their rendezvous I would have told Lieutenant-Commander Esmonde to stay on the ground," signalled the Admiralty: "In my opinion the gallant sortie of these six Swordfish constitutes one of the finest exhibitions of self-sacrifice and devotion to duty that the war has yet witnessed."

The M.T.B. and Swordfish attacks had ceased a few minutes after 1 p.m. At 2.30 p.m. the Scharnhorst reeled with the impact of a tremendous explosion. A mine had damaged her propeller shafts. Admiral Ciliax decided to continue in command of the dash by transferring with his staff to the destroyer Z-29. The Z-29, now the headquarters ship, turned northwards and headed after the main fleet at full speed. Ciliax turned back briefly to stare at the Scharnhorst What was to be her fate?

The Gneisenau and Prinz Eugen were now approaching the Dutch coast on the

CHALLENGE THE FAMOUS

IN his answers to six questions on the weather on page 36, Harry Oakes scored three points. He was wrong over Question 1. The centre of the storm is one mile away—the difference between the speeds of light and sound is about 1,100 feet per second, which is about a fifth of a mile.

He answered Questions 2 and 3 correctly but he was wrong over Question 4. Summer is hotter than winter because in summer the sun's rays hit the earth almost vertically. In winter the rays are inclined at an angle and only a small proportion of them reach the earth at all.

His guess at Question 5 was a good one—the highest recorded temperature in the British Isles was 100.5 degrees at Tonbridge, Kent, in 1868. But, like most of us, he had the wrong idea about when to expect wet weather. June is the driest month, with 2.56 inches of rain. October is the wettest, with 4.43 inches of rain.

"Have you got clean socks on?"

last leg of the dash. Four Beauforts of 217 Squadron, Coastal Command, took off from Thorney Island, near Portsmouth, but had to leave three others behind; one had technical trouble and the other two had been loaded with bombs instead of torpedoes. The four which had taken off orbited Manston, their crews wanting orders; nothing had been said to them about the nature of their target. Meanwhile, the ground staff below were puzzled at not being able to contact them by wireless. It had been forgotten that the Beauforts' system of communication had recently been changed from wireless to radio-telephone.

Eventually, exasperated by the silence of the controllers, the Beaufort flown by Pilot Officer Thomas Carson turned and headed for France with another Beaufort—and since they did not know what they were supposed to be looking for, they found nothing. The two other Beauforts landed and refuelled. Their attack failed. So did the attack subsequently made by the three Beauforts which had been delayed at Manston.

CARSON got back to Manston at 3.35 p.m. Immediately he heard of the break-out, he took off alone—the Beaufort which had been with him was refuelling—and found the German fleet at 4.40 p.m. Skimming over the waves, he released his torpedo at the Gneisenau at two thousand yards range. This gallant attempt came near to success; the Gneisenau altered course and the torpedo missed by only sixty feet.

The Germans were steaming past Amsterdam, the Scharnhorst some twenty miles astern. There was still time for a British victory. The Harwich destroyers would attack next.

Under the command of Captain Pizey, the Campbell, Vivacious, Mackay, Worcester, Whitshed and Walpole set off towards the Germans at twenty-eight knots. All the destroyers were well over twenty years old, and were normally used for east coast convoy work.

Soon the Walpole lagged behind with engine trouble and had to return to harbour. At 3.17 p.m., when visibility was estimated at four miles, the Campbell's radar picked up the enemy battle fleet at a range of nine and a half miles. Captain Pizey's signal blinked down the line of ships: "I intend to close the enemy and attack. Once the enemy is engaged ships will attack independently. Good luck."

He took the Campbell in to attack the Gneisenau. The Vivacious and Worcester elected to follow him in what was described as "a model attack."

The story of H.M.S. Worcester during this classic action is the story of a ship that would not die. As Captain Pizey led the attack she pulled out of line to obtain a clear approach run for her torpedo. Miraculously she reached a range of three thousand yards before turning to fire her torpedo. But then a salvo from the Gneisenau hit her, scattering her decks and taking away the starboard side of the bridge. Two more salvoes hit in rapid succession, exploding inside Nos. 1 and 2 boiler rooms, bringing her to a stop.

Captain Otto Fein, of the Gneisenau, wrote when describing the scene: "I ordered our guns to cease fire as there seemed no point in wasting shells on a ship already sinking. No destroyer, or any ship of that size, could be hit that heavily and survive."

The Worcester was listing dangerously and on fire fore and aft. Her captain, Lieutenant-Commander Ernest Coats, ordered: "Prepare to abandon ship." The wounded were lifted overboard on to rafts. The Campbell and Vivacious closed up to the Worcester and started to rescue them.

It was during the rescue operations that three Coastal Command Beauforts came in low through the mist and fired torpedoes at "three big ships," which were in fact the Campbell, Vivacious and Worcester. Captain Pizey ordered full speed astern and a torpedo passed ahead of the Campbell.

The Mackay and Whitshed rejoined the Campbell and Vivacious after delivering their attack, and the four ships grouped round the Worcester, which had signalled that she could raise steam and attempt the passage home. The plucky little ship staggered along at eight knots. She reached Harwich, and the crew of every ship in harbour raised cheer after cheer as she steamed slowly and unaided into her berth.

Her bows were burned out, her mast and funnels were shot away, her bridge was riddled with shell holes, her ammunition lockers had been blown up and her wireless office completely wrecked. Four of her men had been killed and nineteen wounded. . . .

When Vice-Admiral Ciliax leaped aboard the destroyer Z-29 he felt that his chances of successfully finishing the dash were remote indeed. A few miles ahead, altering course to avoid torpedoes and the approach of bombers, his squadron had slackened speed. In

You never know

when you'll need

Elastoplast

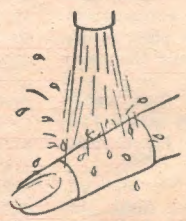
ALWAYS KEEP A TIN IN THE HOUSE

You can't be too careful with cuts, scratches or grazes. Clean the wound and put on Elastoplast—the dressing doctors use. Elastoplast stops the bleeding and guards against infection while the wound heals.

Elastoplast In the famous red tins—Fabric or Waterproof Dressings, 10½d. & 1/9

New Elastoplast Airstrip—helps wounds heal faster. It's the *only* dressing that's completely waterproof and lets wounds breathe. 1/- and 2/-.

IT'S WATERPROOF



Airstrip is the only dressing that lets wounds breathe and keeps out all water, grease and dirt.

IT LETS WOUNDS BREATHE

Skin moisture escapes; this means clean, faster healing and no wrinkled, 'dead-looking' skin.

Take care—keep Elastoplast handy—at home, in the car, when you go away!

an S&N product

the shallow water, the thrusts of the propellers were producing only twenty-nine knots, whereas in deeper water the average speed had been thirty-one knots.

The Z-29 caught up with the main formation at 4.20 p.m., and Ciliax ordered her captain to take station at the head of the column. But again misfortune struck. A small anti-aircraft shell exploded amidships through overheating and a piece of the shrapnel cut through an oil feed pipe. This slowed the destroyer to twenty-five knots.

Once again the German commander was forced to change ships in mid-battle—to another destroyer, the Hermann Schoemann, which picked up full speed, leaving the Z-29 to make her own way to harbour.

CILIAX'S fears concerning the Scharnhorst were dispelled when her great dark shape loomed from the haze, shrouded in gun smoke, with aircraft attacking at her stern. Temporary repairs had taken only thirty minutes and she had now resumed full speed.

The last British aircraft vanished into the darkness and mist at 6.15. Bomber Command had taken part in the final, vain efforts to halt the Germans. But of the 242 bombers which took off, only thirty-nine found the big ships; 188 returned without making contact, and fifteen were lost. Fighter Command had dispatched 398 planes to attack the enemy. Of these, seventeen were shot down. Sixteen enemy fighters were shot down, three more probably destroyed and seventeen damaged.

The Gneisenau, making a good twenty-seven knots, reached the Frisian Islands, where the Germans' route turned sharply eastwards.

Eleven minutes later—at 7.55 p.m.—there was a tremendous explosion. Another mine had been struck.

Damage repair parties swarmed below to investigate. Half an hour afterwards the gaping rent in her bottom was blocked by a steel collision mat. With water pumps operating, the Gneisenau picked up speed to resume her passage.

Well after midnight she steamed into the Heligoland Bight—the first of the battle fleet to reach sanctuary. She was damaged, but she was home.

The Prinz Eugen was the next. Then came the Scharnhorst. Her port engine had broken down completely.

While the events of the past twenty-four hours were still fresh in his mind, Admiral Ciliax prepared his report for Admiral Raeder and Hitler.

"The operation is ended," he wrote. "With it closes a day which will probably go down as one of the most daring in the naval history of this war. In spite of the damage sustained by the Scharnhorst and Gneisenau, it can be said that the success achieved was above all expectations."

In London at 1 a.m. on February 13, Admiral Sir Dudley Pound, the First Sea Lord, lifted the private telephone which connected him with Mr. Winston Churchill at 10 Downing Street.

"I'm afraid, sir," said the admiral, "I must report that the enemy battle cruisers should by now have reached the safety of their home waters."

The Prime Minister was quiet for a bit. Then he said quite simply: "Why?"—and put the phone down.

That question was to resound through Britain. Without exception the newspapers voiced indignant protests that this "mortifying blow to our pride in sea power" had been permitted to happen. In the Commons, where the Channel dash was described as a "major blunder," criticisms of the Board of Admiralty and the Air Staff came into the open.

Informed naval circles, however, looked at the dash differently. They considered that the departure of the Germans from Brest was an advantage; no longer could the big ships threaten Atlantic convoys.

Nevertheless, in the face of the public outcry, Churchill at once appointed a board of inquiry to probe the reasons for the Germans' success. The board—the first ever to examine the conduct of a battle—met at the Admiralty on February 16, 1942.

Evidence given by members of the Royal Navy and R.A.F. of high and low rank revealed the extraordinary story of the delay in raising the alarm, the sending out of forces too weak for the task of crippling the Germans, and faulty planning. Despite the ten months of thought behind "Fuller," Admiral Ramsay, the naval commander in the most vitally affected area, did not even know of the plan's existence until February 5—a week before the battle.

Churchill received the board's findings in March, 1942. Subsequent events upheld his opinion that in making the dash the Germans had not achieved a lasting victory.

Six months passed before the Scharnhorst was repaired and could sail again. When she did, the British Home Fleet pounced on her and sent her to the bottom. The Prinz Eugen was being towed from one repair yard to another in German waters when a British submarine fired a torpedo at her, ripping off her stern. She did not sail again during the war.

As for the proud Gneisenau, Bomber Command wrecked her bows and fore-decks with repeated hits while she was in dry dock. Her rusting hulk was filled with concrete and she became a block-ship fort at Gdynia, her guns turned against an attack from the sea which never came.

THE END

© *Terence Robertson, 1958*

Terence Robertson's story will be published as a book by Evans in May, price 16s.

"We were reconstructing the alleged assault. . ."

Hands up!—for your new car

Continued from page 15

to float hire-purchase loans on the caravans he sells. He is always ready to turn an opportunity into cash. During Coronation year, when every hotel within a twenty-five mile radius of London was crammed to capacity, he had two hundred of his caravans towed into the hall of Olympia to provide accommodation for delegates to a conference of soap manufacturers.

To staff his improvised "hotel" at a time when every available cook and waiter was already working overtime, he drove to the London Docks and signed up stewards and caterers as they disembarked from a liner.

Quick thinking also solved the problem of finding six hundred sheets, 1,200 blankets, pillows and slips. He borrowed them from a public school as the children were on holiday. "All the soap manufacturers had to provide was the soap," he recalls. Later he was able to get an edge on his competitors by selling the caravans at a discount.

Wickins auctioned his first car by chance. In 1945, while still in the navy—he had spent the war carrying out night intruder raids on the European coastline from motor torpedo boats—he decided to sell his 1938 Riley for £200. He advertised in a local newspaper, pointing out that he would not be home on leave until the weekend. When he arrived, he found more than two hundred people waiting on his doorstep.

"They all claimed to have got there first," he says. "I decided the fairest thing was to let the car go to the highest bidder. It fetched £360." Wickins decided that he had found his peacetime occupation.

He converted a chicken house into an office and, in February, 1946, on his twenty-sixth birthday, opened his first auction in a field rented for £1 a week. He sold seven cars. By the end of the first year he had auctioned 1,500 cars for over £300,000 and collected nearly £15,000 in commission.

TODAY he owns a large Queen Anne house in Surrey and a luxury flat in Birmingham. His three brothers—all more than six feet tall—have joined him in his business and he has brought in his wartime C.O., Lieutenant-Commander Peter Wilkinson, as his general manager.

"They run the business like a ship," says Cliff Davis, one of London's biggest car dealers. "Everything is done with naval standards of efficiency and smartness." In the trade, the sixteen elegant, blue-uniformed girl drivers are known as "Wickins's Wrens."

Soon after petrol rationing was announced at the end of 1956, Wickins declared: "There will still be a demand for the small, used car in first-class condition. But the junk days are over." The prices of pre-1946 cars have since fallen steeply.

With some £5,000 an hour changing hands during a sale, disputes often arise and Wickins has to walk a tightrope both between rival dealers and between buyers and sellers.

Some years ago he stopped a fight and auctioned a car twice in five minutes after bringing his hammer down when the bidding reached £330. Two men standing side by side each called out their names as having made the bid and the next minute were exchanging blows with each other.

Wickins leaped from his rostrum, separated them, and ordered the car to be brought back. He then resumed the bidding at £330 to the man who had previously secured it. His rival, in the heat of the moment, at once bid £400 and got the car. THE END

Call me Mr. Mayor

Continued from page 21

these went ten evening dresses. The clothes ensured that I could dress for any occasion, but the bills had to be met largely from my own purse. The mayor's personal allowance of £750 barely covers official entertaining and obviously anticipates that a man will hold the office—and wear the same morning suit and evening suit throughout the year.

Being a woman mayor has other complications. I have been called Her Worshipping Mayor, Lady Mayor and Mrs. Mayor.

My own preference is for Mr. Mayor. Originally only men could hold the office, and I feel we should keep the traditional title. But one Southport councillor, unwilling to raise a woman to the rank of mister, stubbornly addresses me as Madam Mayor.

On my first day of office a distinguished Southport citizen told me bluntly that I was out of place as mayor. I replied that it was an insult to his mother, wife and daughters to suggest that a woman was fit only for the kitchen.

Last October I discovered that nobody is more critical of a woman mayor than another woman mayor. There are forty-eight women mayors in the country and forty-two of us accepted the invitation of the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Cullum Welch, to a party at the Mansion House. I caused quite a stir by arriving in one of my tricorne hats and a matching green suit.

"Really," said one of my fellow mayors, "you should never wear a tricorne except with your robes of office." Others whispered aloud such comments as "ghastly" and "terrible." When a reporter approached me I heard someone comment: "*The hat* is being interviewed."

I confidently ignored all the fuss because my town clerk had assured me that it was in order to wear such a hat. Soon after the party I learned that at least one of the other mayors had appeared in her home town wearing a new tricorne very similar to mine.

When I am at the town hall I am available to anyone who wants to see me. I have told my staff not to shield me from callers.

One visitor to the parlour told me about a young wife who had sold up her home to buy tickets to Canada for herself and her two children. They planned to join the husband, who had gone on ahead some months before, but on the morning their ship was due to leave Liverpool they heard that he had been killed in an accident at work.

I was able to arrange for the stricken family to stay on in the council house it had just given up, provided spare linen and blankets from my own home and bought the family a table and chairs from the mayoral distress fund.

At the end of my mayoral year I am due to defend my seat on the council, which I have held as a Conservative since 1949. But even an election comes as something of an anti-climax after reigning as mayor, a job which is always mentally stimulating and often physically exhausting, which slims your figure through over-work and fattens it through over-eating at too many luncheons and dinners.

As a woman I have particularly enjoyed the hundreds of opportunities to have my say in public. I make, on average, fifteen speeches a week—and on only three occasions have words failed me.

One was when I was called upon to speak after watching handicapped children present their own Nativity play. "Well done," I told them, and was then so overcome with emotion at their plucky performance that I could only stumble back to my seat.

Another time I had to give up an unequal contest with 1,409 chirping birds when trying to open a budgerigar show. I was speechless for the third time when I overheard a remark after being introduced to a pensioners' club as "Southport's seventieth mayor."

An old man sitting on the front row turned to his companion and said: "She hardly looks seventy." THE END

MAGIC

of Bullets transformed her Kitchen!

Above you see Mr. W. W. Neal's kitchen at 9 Lee Park, Blackheath *before* a Bullet won him wealth plus "Ideal Kitchen" award. Below that photograph you see the winner and his wife in that same kitchen *after* Bullets "magic" had transformed it with modern equipment. Let that "magic" work wonders in *your* kitchen. Fun with words this week can win you a fortune plus £125 "Ideal Kitchen" to suit your needs!

WIN £500

1st PRIZE—or £400 plus

£125 IDEAL KITCHEN

OTHER "BULLETS" PRIZES GALORE PLUS

WESTCLOX CLOCKS AS EXTRAS—see coupon

£25, £10, £9, £8, £7, £6, 3 of £5, 10 of £2 10s.

100 "Double Six" Prizes **1,500** "Good Shots" each with £1,000 surprise

WAY TO WIN

Here's how to shape a Bullet. First, grasp the broad idea by enjoying the latest winners. Then choose as your starting-point any Example from list below. To it, add TWO, THREE or FOUR words to make the whole into a bright Bullet.

Speed's A Killer, So	The New Moon
Trader John	Going Steady
Music Of Success	Shock For The Landlord
Worth Fighting For	Cats And Dogs
King Neptune	Forces Of Destruction
Full Of The Joy Of Spring	To Our Horror
Roused The House	On The Sick List
Wise Husband	Left To Grandpa
To Fill The Cinema	In A Twinkling
Dig, Dig, Dig And	At The Women's Institute

Last six Examples are incomplete: if you wish to use one, first complete it with a word of your choice—then make your Bullet as above.

.....In The Kitchen	Made Her Feel.....
Bragging About	Emerging From The.....
If Only They'd.....	Broke.....'s Heart

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET

EX. .....

B. .....

EX. .....

B. .....

EX. .....

B. .....

EX. .....

B. .....

£3 11s. 6d. CLOCKS

An elegant and guaranteed Westclox "Tweed" Clock goes to each of the 20 chief winners whose successful Bullet was one of five or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

2,134 Closing Postmark MON., MAR. 31

I agree to rules and enclose P.O. entry-fee at the rate of 6d. per Bullet.

Signed.....

Address .....

P.O. Value.....

No. .....

ENTRY FEE 6d. PER "BULLET"

FOUR PAGES of "BULLETS" HELP!

Complete this Label, affix 3d. stamp and see what the postman brings you on Saturday, April 5—four sparkling pages of Bullets news, pictures and practical help to success! (For 4 consecutive issues, send P.O. 1s.)

Name.....

Address .....

..... 862

STICK 3d. STAMP HERE

NEXT WEEK **GRAND SWISS HOLIDAY OFFER!**

LATEST WINNERS

"BULLETS" No. 2,129 Result — FIRST PRIZE, £400 plus Venice Holiday for Two, or £500 lump sum: L. R. Prettyman, 2 Bell House Cottages, Wellington Road, Eye, Suffolk:

Why Be Fleeced When—Shopping? You Control "Clippers"!

£25: A. Ewart, 4 Woodville Road, Sale, Cheshire: JOB FOR THE CHANCELLOR—RID QUID OF "SKID." £10: H. S. Arkinstall, 168 Springthorpe Road, Erdington, Birmingham: HUNGRY FOR PEACE—BUT *Angry* AT *Pace*.

OTHER AWARDS: £9: H. Chivers, 9 St. Dunstan's Road, London, E.7: WORTH A LOT OF SO-CALLED—FRIENDS, FRIEND WHO *Called*. £8: Mrs. A. Kitchen, 54 Francis Avenue, St. Albans, Herts: HOUSE WITH A TIME-BOMB—CALLED "OCTOBER," UNDERNEATH—OURS! £7: A. J. Bentley, 6 Tintern House, Augustus Street, London, N.W.1: WORTH A LOT OF THOUGHT—WHO'LL "REFIT" DOCKYARD *Worker*? £6: G. M. Yates, 2 Charlcombe Rise, Bath: ROUND AFTER ROUND — THEN *Sunday* "BELL" SAVES. £5: J. Medway, 4 Heol Nanteos, Penparcau, Aberystwyth: A SUMMIT CONFERENCE—IN TREETOPS—AGENDA? SCARECROW! £5: A Newnham, 36 Popes Lane, London, W.5: SABRINA ARRIVED AND—MAYORESS GRIPPED MAYOR'S CHAIN! £5: Mrs. E. Sharpe, 60 Swyncombe Avenue, London, W.5: FRAGILE AS PORCELAIN—MARRIAGE — "PACK" WITH *Caresses*!

Ten Prizes of £2 10s., 100 "Double Sixers" and 1,500 2-in-1 Awards have also been posted.

RULES 1. First Prize for best Bullet received; others in order of merit. The test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all Bullets received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. at the rate of 6d. per Bullet. Fee submitted will be taken to cover Bullets in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated April 26), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, April 12, for early news of No. 2,134 result.)

POST ENTRY

Bullets 2,134, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.99

'SANATOGEN' TONIC WINE

You can FEEL it doing you good!

The greater the strain, the greater the need for 'Sanatogen' Tonic Wine. Its valuable tonic properties are combined with the heartening qualities of a rich, full-bodied wine. Start a course today and *feel* the difference.

Only **8/9** a bottle

Half bottles 4/9

The name 'Sanatogen' is a registered trade mark

CVS-271

to-day the 'old hand' has a THIRD HAND

In days of old when knights were bowled—over, how useful the Mole Wrench would have been. Known today to thousands over the world as their 'third hand,' the Mole Wrench locks on to the job-in-hand and remains locked, tightly with both hands free—a 'third hand' that also serves as super-pliers, clamp, hand vice and so on. Fitted with the quick release lever it is available in two sizes, 7 in. for **12/6** and 10 in. for **15/-**, from Ironmongers, Motor and Motor Cycle Accessory Dealers.

YOU'LL BE GLAD YOU BOUGHT THE MOLE TRADE MARK SELF-GRIP WRENCH

If in any difficulty write to:
M. MOLE & SON LTD., BIRMINGHAM, 3

Printed in Great Britain by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., and Published by Odhams Press Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered for transmission to Canada (including Newfoundland). Postage on this copy: Inland, 6d.; Abroad, 2½d.; Canada, 1d. Agencies for Australia and New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency Ltd. CONDITIONS OF SALE: This periodical shall not, without the written consent of the publishers, be lent, resold or hired out except at the full retail price of 6d., or otherwise disposed of in any unauthorized cover, by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

New!

3d.

Old English flavours

Spangles are double wrapped to keep all the flavour in and all the dirt out!